

SICK

YEARBOOK

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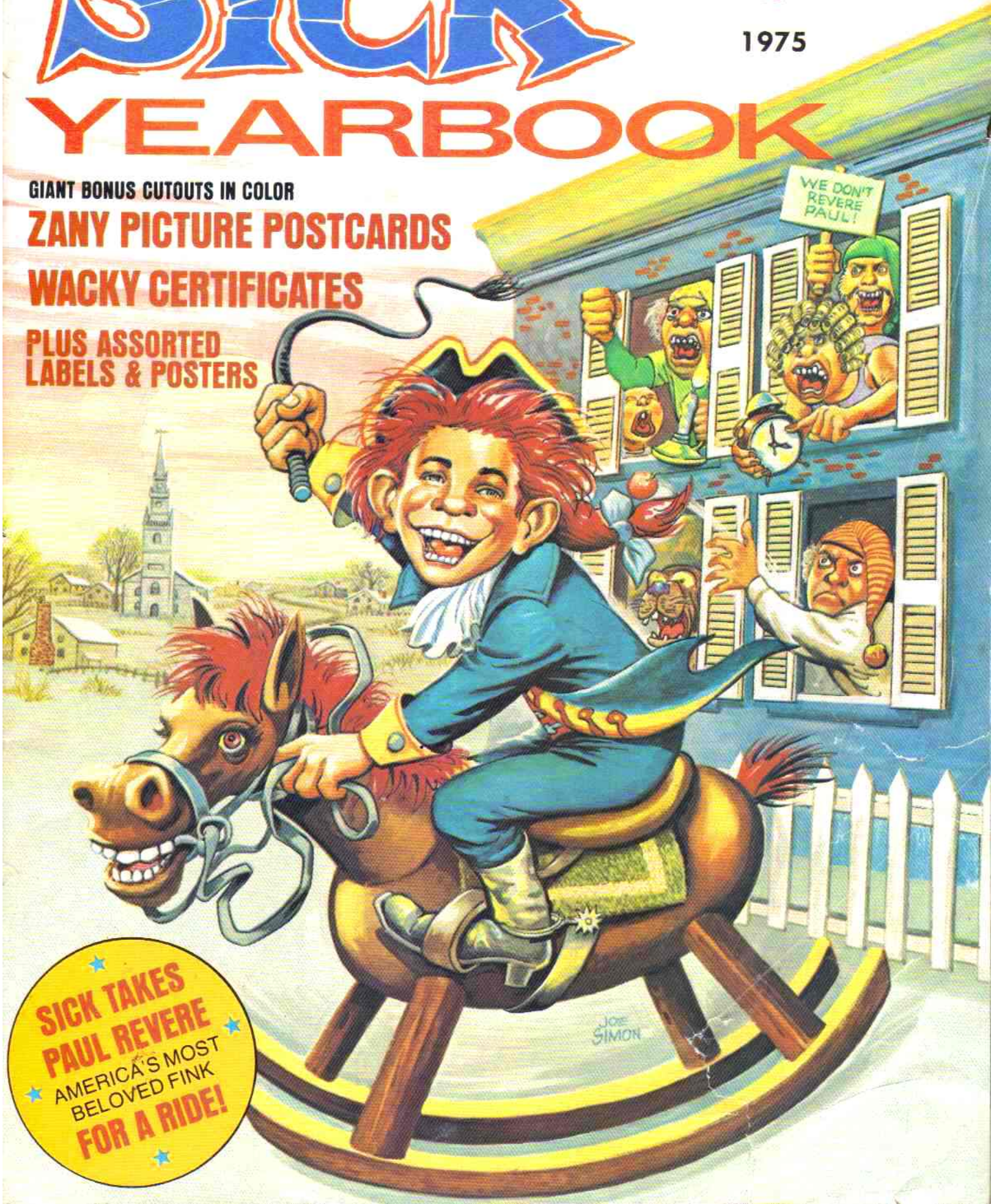
1975

GIANT BONUS CUTOUTS IN COLOR

ZANY PICTURE POSTCARDS

WACKY CERTIFICATES

PLUS ASSORTED
LABELS & POSTERS



**SICK TAKES
PAUL REVERE**
★ AMERICA'S MOST
BELOVED FINK
★ FOR A RIDE!

JOIN THE CAMPAIGN TO END POVERTY

LEAVE US YOUR MONEY HERE



A SICK SIGN

SICK

YEARBOOK 1975

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SICK
IS...



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A POLICE CAR RACES THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY STREETS, ITS SIREN SCREAMING A MESSAGE OF URGENCY! FORTUNATELY FOR THE CITIZENS OF THIS CITY, INSIDE THAT POLICE CAR IS AN INTELLIGENT, ALERT, DEDICATED MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. **UNFORTUNATELY** FOR THE CITIZENS, THAT POLICE CAR **ALSO** CONTAINS...

KO JERK

WHY CAN'T WE HAVE A SIREN THAT GOES "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA" LIKE **OTHER** POLICE TV SHOWS?

"ADAM 12" GOT THE LAST ONE, LIEUTENANT, BUT WE'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!

GOOD! NOW STEP ON IT, WILL YOU? WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE IT'S TOO **LATE**!

A MESSAGE OF URGENCY!



STORY LEN HERMAN

ART JERRY GRANDENETT



SAVE YOUR MONEY—IT MAY BE WORTH SOMETHING SOMEDAY!





WAAH!
I WANT MY
LOLLYPOP!
I WANT MY
LOLLYPOP!

EXCUSE ME,
LIEUTENANT, BUT
AREN'T YOU A
BIT TOO, ER,
MATURE TO
BE A LOLLYPOP
FIEND?

SMOKING?

NO,--

MAYBE, BUT
SHLURPING
LOLLYPOPS
HAS CURED
ME OF A VERY
BAD HABIT!

SHURP
SHURP
SHURP

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP BUT UGLINESS GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE BONES!



HERE, KOJERK!
NOW WILL YOU
LET ME GET
SOME SLEEP?

THANKS,
LOU!
WHO LOVES
YA?

HERE, KID--
KEEP YOUR
LOUSY
LOLLYPOP!

LET'S ROLL,
OFFICER--
I'VE GOT TO
GET TO MY
BARBER!

YOU GO TO A
BARBER? THAT'S
LIKE VENUS DE
MILO GOING TO
A GLOVE SHOP!



-TEMPER TANTRUMS!

WAAH! I WANT
A LOLLYPOP! I
WANT A LOLLY
POP!

GEE, KEEP IT,
MISTER! YOU
NEED IT MORE,
THAN ME!

MEANWHILE, AT THE PRECINCT...



TRANSFER KOJERK?
ARE YOU GUYS
KIDDING? HE'S *THIS*
CLOSE TO NAILING
THE MOBB GANG!

THE JOB'S *GETTING* TO HIM, CHIEF--
HE'S LOSING HIS *GRIP*! HE CHAIN
SHLURPS LOLLYPOPS LIKE THEY'RE
GOING OUT OF STYLE!

YEAH! SOMETIMES HE
STARTS ONE, PUTS IT
DOWN SOMEWHERE, FOR-
GETS ABOUT IT AND
STARTS *ANOTHER*! WE
FIND LOLLYPOPS STUCK
TO OUR DESKS, OUR
LUNCH BUCKETS, OUR
BADGES!



WE NEVER KNOW *WHERE*
ONE OF HIS DAMN LOLLYPOPS
WILL TURN UP NEXT!

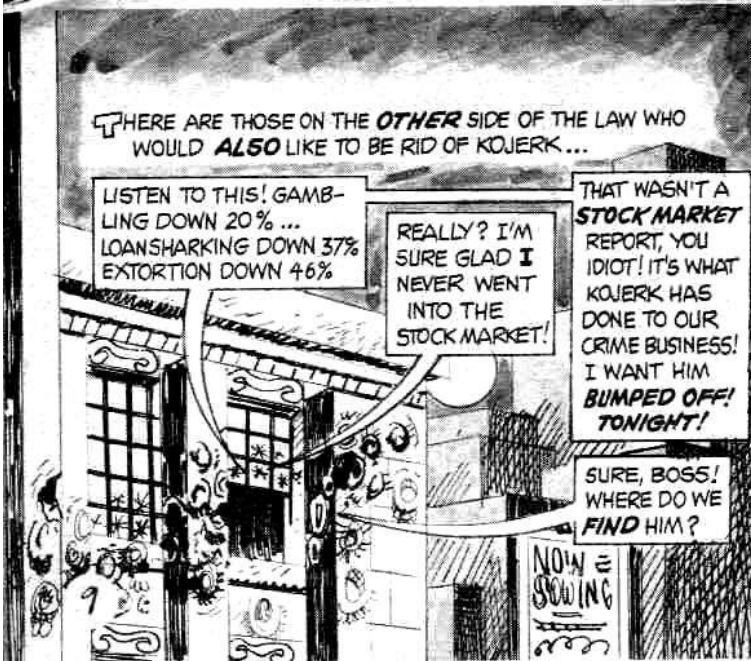
OKAY, I'LL SEE
WHAT I CAN DO,
BUT TRYING TO TRANSFER
A DETECTIVE WITH A
RECORD LIKE KOJERK'S--



--CAN BE A VERY
STICKY SITUATION!

WANTED

POLICE
CHIEF



DON'T PUT OFF 'TIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN PULL OFF TODAY



DANCING IN THE AISLE! IT'S DISGUSTING HOW SOME COPS THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH **ANYTHING!**

I'LL GET THIS FOR CANDID CAMERA!

TA DUM, TA DUM, TODDLDY DUM
TA DUM, TA DUM, DEEDLE DEEDLE DUM
DEEDLE DEEDLE DUM...
SHLURP SHLURP
GRRRP

15

OKAY, KOJERK—YOU'VE MESSED WITH THE MOBB GANG ONCE TOO OFTEN! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO **GET IT!**

GET WHAT?

IT!

I'M ALWAYS GETTING THREATENED WITH IT! I'VE **HAD** IT WITH IT! CAN I HAVE A FEW LAST WORDS?

OKAY, BUT MAKE THEM **SHORT AND SWEET!**

THAT'S NOT FAIR AT ALL! IT SEEMS TO ME I SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO SELECT MY **OWN** LAST WORDS!

KEEP YOUR BLOCK CLEAN: THROW YOUR GARBAGE AROUND THE CORNER

SHLURP
SHLURP SHLURP
SHLURP SHLURP

WHAT KIND OF LAST WORDS ARE **THOSE?**

I DUNNO—MUST BE SOME KIND OF GREEK PRAYER!

RIGHT! AND NOW YOU GUYS CAN START SAYING **YOUR** PRAYERS! THE "IT'S" ON THE OTHER FOOT!

ER, WAIT A MINUTE, KOJERK—MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A **DEAL!**

MAKE A **DEAL?** WHO DO YOU THINK I AM? **MONTY HALL?**

C'MON, KOJERK, DON'T BE A SORE WINNER! LET'S MAKE FRIENDS!

SURE, LET'S **ALL** BE FRIENDS! AND TO SHOW YOU THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS, I WANT TO GIVE YOUR BOSS A PRESENT!

THAT'S NICE OF YOU! HOW'D YOU KNOW TODAY'S HIS BIRTHDAY?

JUST A LUCKY GUESS! YOU CAN PICK UP THE PRESENT IN ONE HOUR IN THE ALLEY AT 5TH AND WEBSTER!

I DON'T KNOW—THEN **OUR** BOSS WILL HAVE TO GIVE **YOUR** BOSS A PRESENT ON **HIS** BIRTHDAY!

PLOP

18 PLOP



FOREST FIRES PREVENT BEARS!



LATER...

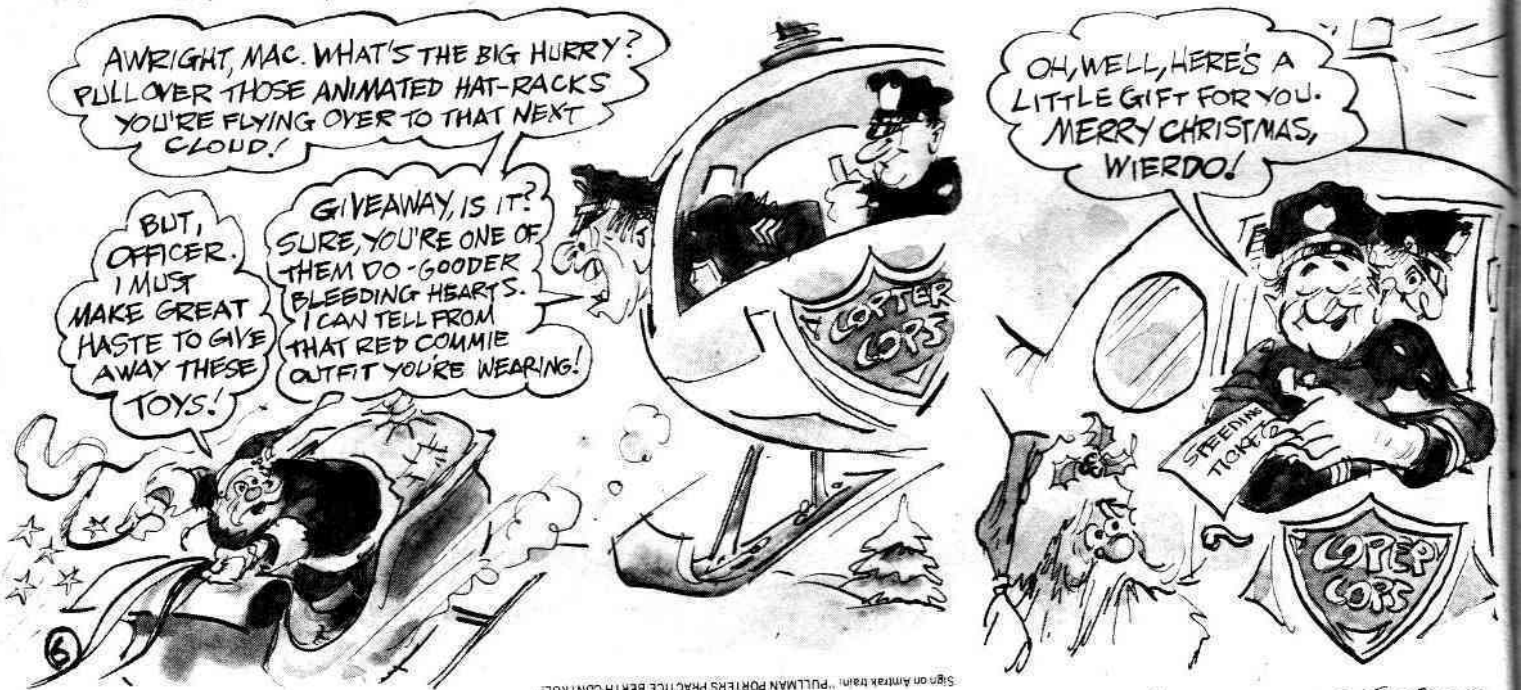


"YA GOTTA BELIEVE!" is a baseball expression that swept the country. But how many people still believe in Santa Claus? We're talking about the kids—not the adults! They believe in anything—they even believed Nixon! But, believe in him or not, we wonder how long jolly Kris Kringle would stay jolly if he had to deal with the kookie cast of characters who inhabit today's paranoid planet. So, let's take a glance at...

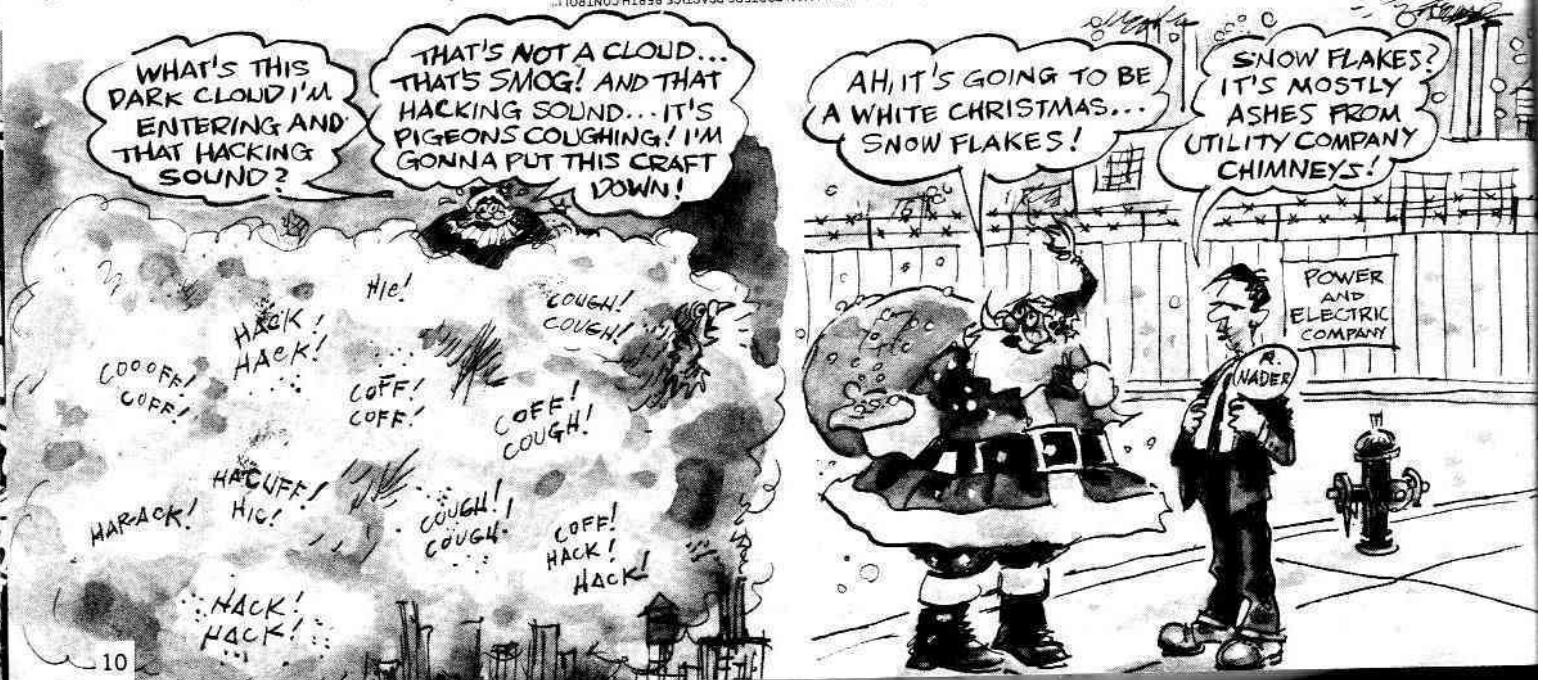
SANTA CLAUS IN TODAY'S REAL WORLD

as reported by
FRED WOLFE





Sign on Alimtrak train: "PULLMAN PORTERS PRACTICE BERTH CONTROL!"



HMM. SINCE THERE'S SO MUCH SNOW ON THE GROUND, PERHAPS I'LL RIDE MY SLEIGH THROUGH THE CITY STREETS!



THIS IS RIDICULOUS! IT TOOK ME ONLY 15 MINUTES TO FLY TO NEW YORK CITY FROM THE NORTH POLE AND OVER FOUR-AND-A-HALF HOURS TO GO CROSSTOWN IN TRAFFIC! I'D BETTER GET AIRBORNE AGAIN. WAIT, THERE'S AN ADORABLE CHILD. I CAN'T RESIST.



HERE, MY DEAR. SWEETS FOR THE SWEET!



MOMMY! AN OLD GEEZER IN A BEARD IS GIVING ME A CANDY CANE!

OBVIOUSLY A DIRTY OLD MAN! SIC HIM, DONALD!



NOBODY SEEMS TO BELIEVE IN ME ANYMORE! DON'T THEY KNOW IT'S BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE? OOPS THERE'S A MAN WHO'S GIVING TILL IT HURTS...



WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'M DOING MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING A BIT EARLY!





AWRIGHT, YOU WITH THE BURGLAR TOOLS...
OFF THAT ROOF! WE'VE GOT A "WANT" OUT
FOR A SANTA SECOND-STORY MAN!



NO, NO, I DON'T TAKE
THINGS... I GIVE THEM
AWAY. IN FACT, OFFICER,
HERE'S A LITTLE GIFT
FOR YOU!

A
DIAMOND-STUDD
NIGHTSTICK!

THEN
YOU'LL TAKE IT?

OF COURSE! BEING
"ON THE TAKE"... THAT'S
THE AMERICAN WAY!
JUST REMEMBER A
LITTLE SOMETHING FOR
THE DESK SERGEANT!

Sign in Reno bar: "LADIES NOT SERVED AT BAR—YOU HAVE TO BRING YOUR OWN!"



I'VE HAD IT!
I'M GOING BACK
TO THE NORTH
POLE WHERE
THINGS ARE
NORMAL!

YWCA
EEK! A
PEEPING TOM! CALL
THE POLICE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED...
I READ THE REVIEWS IN VARIETY! LET'S
FACE IT, KRIS... YOUR SHOW BIZ DAYS
ARE OVER. I'M TAKING CONTROL
OF THIS PRODUCTION!



YOU? A MERE WOMAN? YOU FORGET
I'M WORSHIPED BY MILLIONS OF
BELIEVERS AS NICHOLAS.

YICCH! IF THERE'S ONE THING
I CAN'T STAND... IT'S A MALE
CHAUVINIST ST. NICK! I'M GOING
TO MAKE THIS ACT A PAYING
PROPOSITION! NO MORE FREE
GIFTS... IT'S EITHER CASH
ON THE LINE OR CREDIT
CARDS!


VARIETY

YULE
TOUR BIG
BORE
SANTA LAYS
TRANSATLANTIC
EGG




HO! HO! HO!

NO, DUM-DUM.
FROM NOW ON, IT'S
DOUGH! DOUGH! DOUGH!



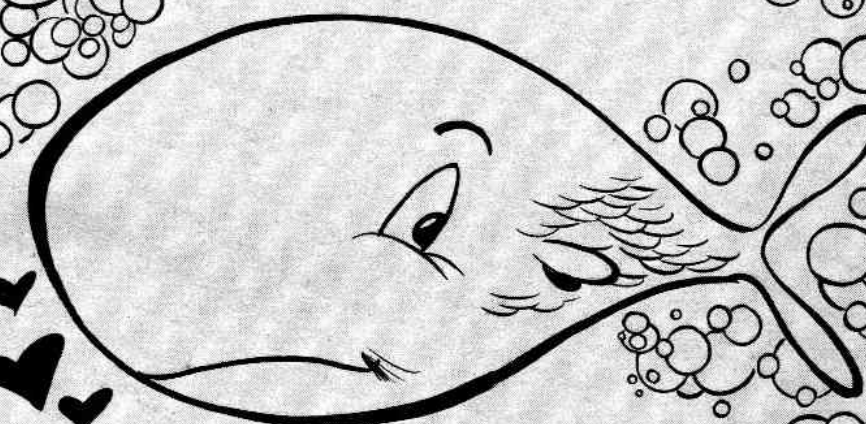
WHICH FISH DRAW THE MOST INTEREST?
Loan Sharks.



WHY ARE FISH SO SMART?
They stay in schools.



WHAT FISH CAN'T BE POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL?
An angel fish!



**WHAT CHARACTER IN LITERATURE
IS MOST HATED BY FISH?**
Captain Hook!

DO FISH HAVE GOOD MEMORIES?
Yes, they never forget elephant jokes!

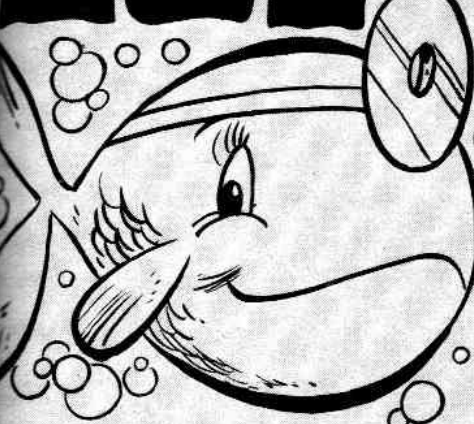
101 FISH JOKES

Script by PHIL HIRSCH

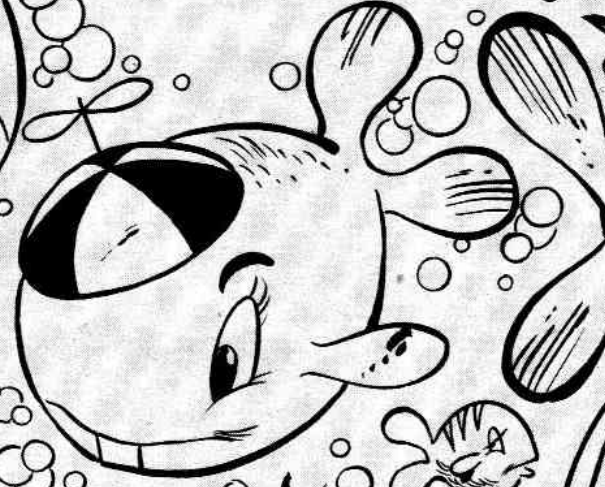
Art by

LANGSTON

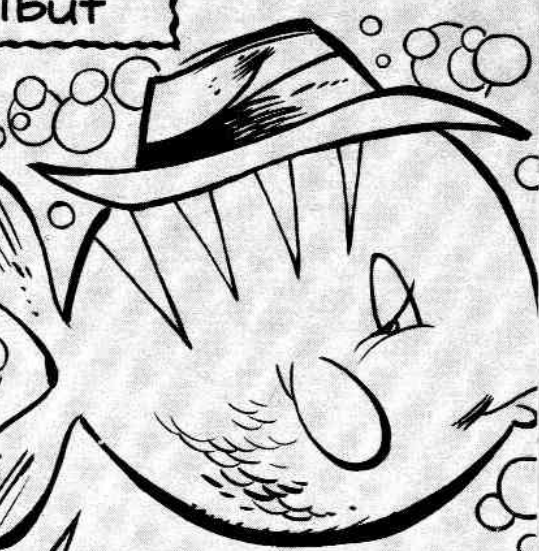
...Jest for the Halibut




WHEN FISH FEEL SICK, WHICH DOCTOR WILL THEY VISIT?
Any qualified sturgeon!



**WHAT SIGN MAKES AN UNDERWATER
CREATURE VERY HAPPY?**
No fishing.



WHY COULDN'T THE FISH STAY HOME AT NIGHT?
He was married to a crab!



**WHEN YOU CAST YOUR BREAD ON
TROUBLED WATERS, WHAT KIND OF
FISH DO YOU WANT TO CATCH?**
For bread, you need a butterfish!

SHOULD THE FROM



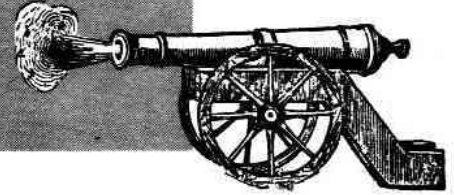
ATTENTION WORLD: Colonel Sanders digs young chicks!

UNION SECEDE PHILADELPHIA?



A SICK REPORT ON THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LAFF

by
ARON MAYER



Ever since W.C. Fields had his tombstone inscribed, "*On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia,*" this once towering city has gone even more downhill. So much so, that today they're calling it "*Fool-adelphia, The City of Losers.*" After all, what can you say about a place whose prized possession, the Liberty Bell, is *cracked*? Whose favorite entertainer is *Pinky Lee*? Whose head of the Mafia is a *Quaker*?

It's reached the point that Philadelphia has now become the "*Poland*" of our country. Already they're doing "*Philadelphia jokes.*" Things like: "What happened when they held a beauty contest in Philadelphia? *Nobody won!*" And another: "What's the best thing in Philadelphia? *The bus that takes you to Scranton!*" And still another: "Who's a real loser? A kid with an *Italian* father and a *Polish* mother, who was born in *Philadelphia!*"

Small wonder then, that Philadelphia is a difficult city to live in, seeing that it's *closed on Sunday*. And it's just as lively on the other days too. There, if a woman drops her glove on the street, she could be hauled before a judge for doing a *strip tease*. And where else can you find a book on the stands: "*How To Live In Philadelphia On \$5 A Year.*"

Philadelphia is a city where, for excitement, you sit in one of the city parks and watch the *grass* grow. It's a city where you can be arrested at Main Street on New Year's Eve for *loitering!*

And so, this is why there's a whole new movement on to get Philadelphia to secede from the union. Or else, to have the *union* secede from *Philadelphia!* One incentive would be to make it a country of its own, with a Queen Grace Kelly, a native daughter who couldn't wait to leave town and marry the first man who asked her. She's bound to accept being Queen of Philadelphia; she realizes it's bigger than Monaco. And being a country playing only Philadelphia teams, one of its ball clubs would *have* to be a winner!

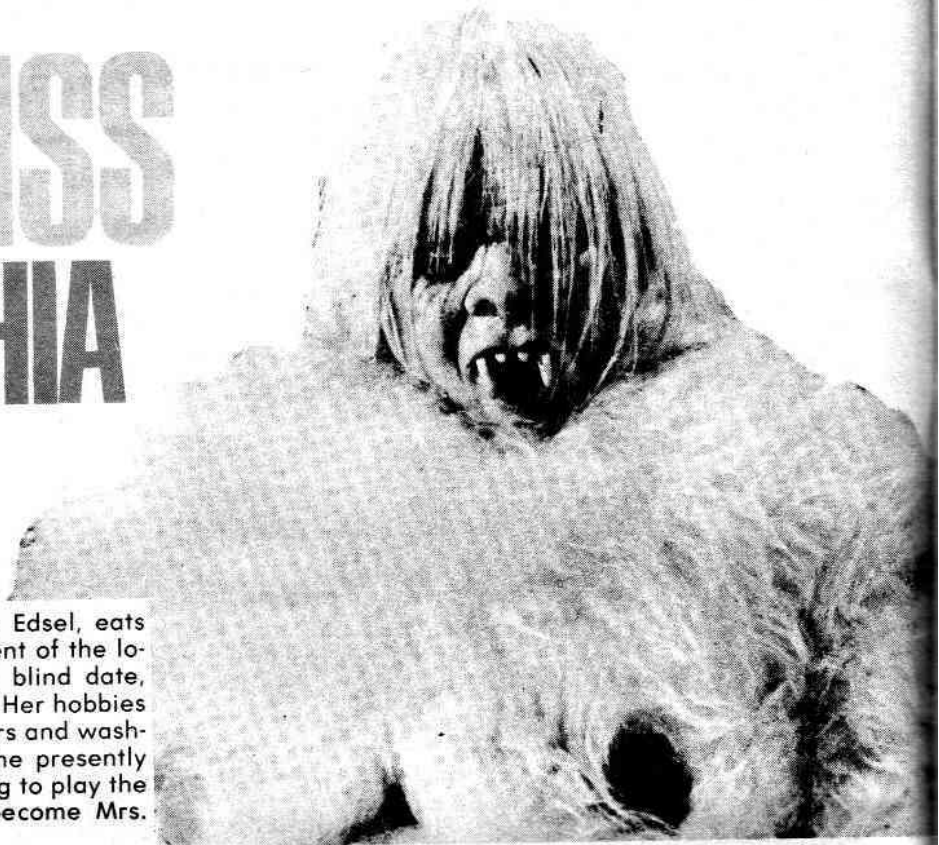
There are other ways to handle the "*Philadelphia problem,*" according to experts in this field. One way is turn the problem over to the Adolf Eichmann estate for "*final solution.*" Another less drastic plan is to raffle Philadelphia off, and have the losing ticket claim it. Still another idea is to move it to Poland. There, at least, it wouldn't be noticed.

Whatever the case, one thing is sure. Philadelphia is a *unique* place... there's no getting away from it!

MEET MISS PHILADELPHIA

Shirley Grovis
South Philadelphia

A typical Philadelphia girl, she drives an Edsel, eats pastrami on date-nut bread and is President of the local Bert Parks Fan Club. A professional blind date, she once had a nose job and it grew back. Her hobbies are playing Mah Jongg, crocheting mufflers and washing her hair Tuesdays and Thursdays. She presently attends music school where she is learning to play the glockenspiel. Her secret ambition: to become Mrs. Philadelphia.



PLACES I'D RATHER BE THAN PHILADELPHIA

- MIAMI during the hurricane season
- BOSTON the week of Lent
- DEATH VALLEY in the middle of July
- NEW ORLEANS a day after the Mardi Gras
- THE POSEIDON on New Year's Eve
- VIETNAM during a Tet Offensive
- POLAND anytime of the year
- FOREST LAWN in the planting season
- NIAGARA FALLS during a drought
- HIROSHIMA just before the end of World War II
- WOUNDED KNEE during a Cowboy Convention

THE TEAMS FROM PHILADELPHIA A LEAGUE OF LOSERS

PHILLIES: This is the only team in baseball whose batters strike out on two pitches. And the pitchers are so wild, when they throw to the plate, the guys in the dugout duck. The only reason they wind up sixth in their division is that there is no seventh place.

EAGLES: This farcial football team has had so many passes intercepted that they now throw the ball directly to the other team. But they did stand out in one department—**offense**. They were the most offensive players in the NFL. So much so that they received 500 cases of Right Guard!

76ERS: This bunch of basketball basket cases can always be found dribbling on the court. Not with basketballs, with their mouths! They're called the 76ers because that's how many points they've scored all year!

As for Philadelphia's other teams, none of them has been distinguished...except for consistency. Consistency in losing like the aforementioned clubs! In fact, the fans only protection would be a bill put through the state legislature that prohibits stadium seats from facing the playing field.

TYPICAL "EASY" MAZE



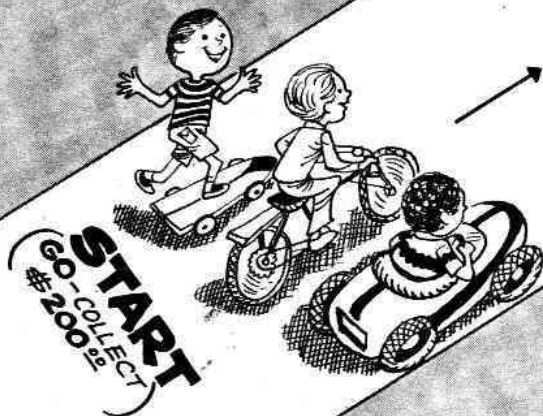
SICK'S MAZE

THE MOST DIFFICULT
MAZE OF ALL



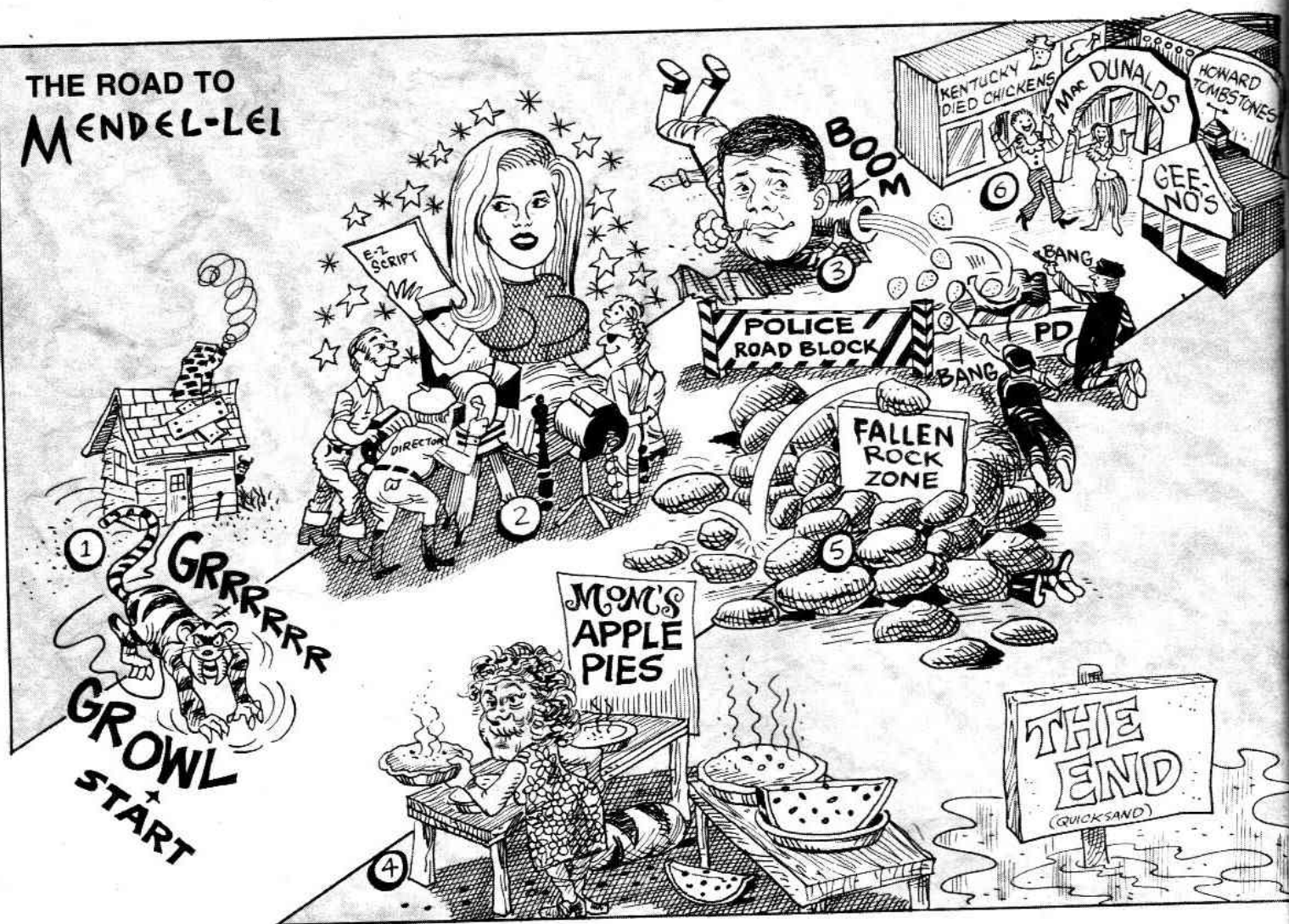
THE ROAD TO
MENDEL-LEI

FINISH



SEE WHY THIS MAZE
IS SO DIFFICULT—
TURN TO NEXT PAGE

THE ROAD TO MENDEL-LEI



1—Orville Cuplipp's house. Orville owns a pet. A Siberian husky, you say? No. A Siberian tiger! What's more, Cuplipp keeps Feroc—whose bite is worse than his bark—on a very long leash.

2—Location site for filming of new Raquel Welch film. The picture, rated X for Xtraordinarily bad (*what else when Raquel is the star*), is nevertheless a traffic stopper because RW (as all her intimates call her) is really getting a chance to act in this film: She has some scenes where she has to chew Jawbreakers while reciting long monologues. Incidentally, Raquel spends all but two minutes of this film in bed, under the covers. Too bad the picture—and not Raquel—wasn't kept under wraps.

3—Police roadblock on Sniper Hill Road. Ralph Neuter, who has a pathological hatred for all vehicles—cars, bikes, in fact for any product manufactured, grown or created for a profit—has finally flipped out all the way. He has taken up a seemingly unassailable position on Sniper Hill Road. From this vantagepoint, armed to the teeth (he has a rose in his teeth and is firing a cannonade of lemons down the hill), Detroit's Darling is battling police, who are entrenched on the other side of the road. Bullets are flying to prevent Neuter from "recalling" every vehicle that tries to proceed further on this Route Sick-ty Six.

4—Mom's house. And there is Good Old Mom ready to serve weary travelers a hefty serving of Mom's Apple Pie. Of course, it is un-American to pass up—and thereby deprecate—Mom's Apple Pie (even if it's Momm Mabley, and she puts her heart-and-soul into her apple pie with grits. Spit out those watermelon pits!) Since Mom's pie

is irresistible, the tendency is to eat and eat and eat and never reach the end of the Road to Mendel-lei. Or be forced to check in at the local hospital for stomach-pump treatment.

5—Watch out for Falling Rocks Mountain. Here, weary travelers, is America's scenic attraction that wins by a landslide! Who would dare to take this road—only someone with rocks in his head!

6—The end of the Road to Mendel-lei. Here, at last, the walking wounded, if any, staggers to Mendel-lei, his destination. Mendel-lei, a thriving hubbub metropolis, consists of 8 MacDunalds, 16 Gee-no's, 14 Kentucky Died Chickens, 3 Holiday Outs, 3 Howard Tombstones, 37 other motels and 68 other fast-food joints that pose other obstacles to travelers: ptomaine, gastric indigestion, venereal disease, bedbug-bite fever, terminal bedsores, etc., and a population of 2 people: Mayor Sam Mendel and his fascinating fiancée, Tanta-Leya Katz, whom Mendel found while beachcombing on vacation—in Honolulu, you suspect (no, stupid, it was in Hannah Lolowitz's bungalow on the wicky-wacky shores of Coney Island). Natch, Tanta-Leya was working as a hula dancer in some elite off-the-boardwalk cabaret (Miss Katz says: "Hell, Jimmy Durante and Eddie Cantor started here, too. You gotta start someplace.") Anyway, Sam Mendel saw Tanta-Leya dancing in her little grass skirt, and said "The mow the merrier." Then, having got the lei of the land, he smooth-talked Tanta-Leya and whisked her off to his secluded A-frame bungalow at the end of the road. And where is that: Nowhere! That's where. So how can you go nowhere? Obviously, you can't. And that's why this is the impossible maze!

"Thank heaven for little gulls." —RICHARD BACH

**70,000 SQUARE MILES OF
FREE ICE SKATING**

**SHERATON
IGLOO**
AIR CONDITIONED

ANTARCTICA

YOU'LL BE SMITTEN - AND FROST BITTEN

THE IDEAL PLACE TO ESCAPE TO...



**DEVIL'S
ISLAND**

WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO HEAT

FOR THOSE WHO REALLY WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL...



**THE
MOON**

★ STAR STUDDED ACTIVITIES NIGHTLY ★

HOWARD
JOHNSON'S
13 CRATERS
AHEAD!

JUDGE
CRATER
LIVES
HERE

ANTARCTICA—an ideal hideaway; stop at the fabulous Sheraton-Igloo; special 1-day, 46-night package deal; gigantic natural private lake; dietary blubber meals observed; bargain rates during winter season.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

DEVIL'S ISLAND—only 20 minutes from downtown Borneo; rifle and machine-gun range on premises (with live targets); bull-whip sessions nightly; hot-box solarium; around-the-clock rock groups.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

THE MOON—your stopover in Outer Space; only two light years from Times Square; see the forbidden "Dark Side"—for mature vacationers only; off-season visit our summer resort—the Sun.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

THE BIG BOOM IN MOUNTAIN RETREATS

MOUNT VESUVIUS

PARADISE FOR
THE LAST OF
THE
RED HOT
LAVAS!



THIS WAY
TO THE
LAVA-TORY

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN
YOUR OLD KIT BAG AND COME
TO WHERE THE ACTION IS...



NO-MAN'S LAND

WOMEN'S LIB CARRIED
TO AN EXTREME!

WORLD'S FIRST X-RATED RESORT (FOR MATURE VACATIONERS ONLY)



Sodom and Gomorrah

A PARADISE FOR SWINGING SINGLES

MOUNT VESUVIUS—mountain vacationing with a big bang; only 12,000 miles east of Krakatoa; hot-water swimming on premises; big blast every Saturday night; reserve early as we always have a huge overflow.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

NO-MAN'S LAND—in the middle of nowhere, yet right in the heart of things; a perfect retreat to forget ordinary cares and woes; waterbed trenches; stainless steel barbed-wire; refreshing mud-slides; just shoot over anytime.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

SODOM AND GOMORRAH—a Twin-Sin City Festival; stop at the swinging Hilton Hunky-Panky; special package deal—1 day and 6 nights; inquire at pillar of salt shaped like a woman (that's owner Lot's wife); lol's going on here!

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

LIE ON THE BEAUTIFUL SANDS OF THE

GOBI DESERT

TRUE-GRIT
SANDWICHES
...
A PILE OF SAND
BETWEEN TWO
HAMBURGER
ROLLS



THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TONIGHT

right in the **THICK** of things...

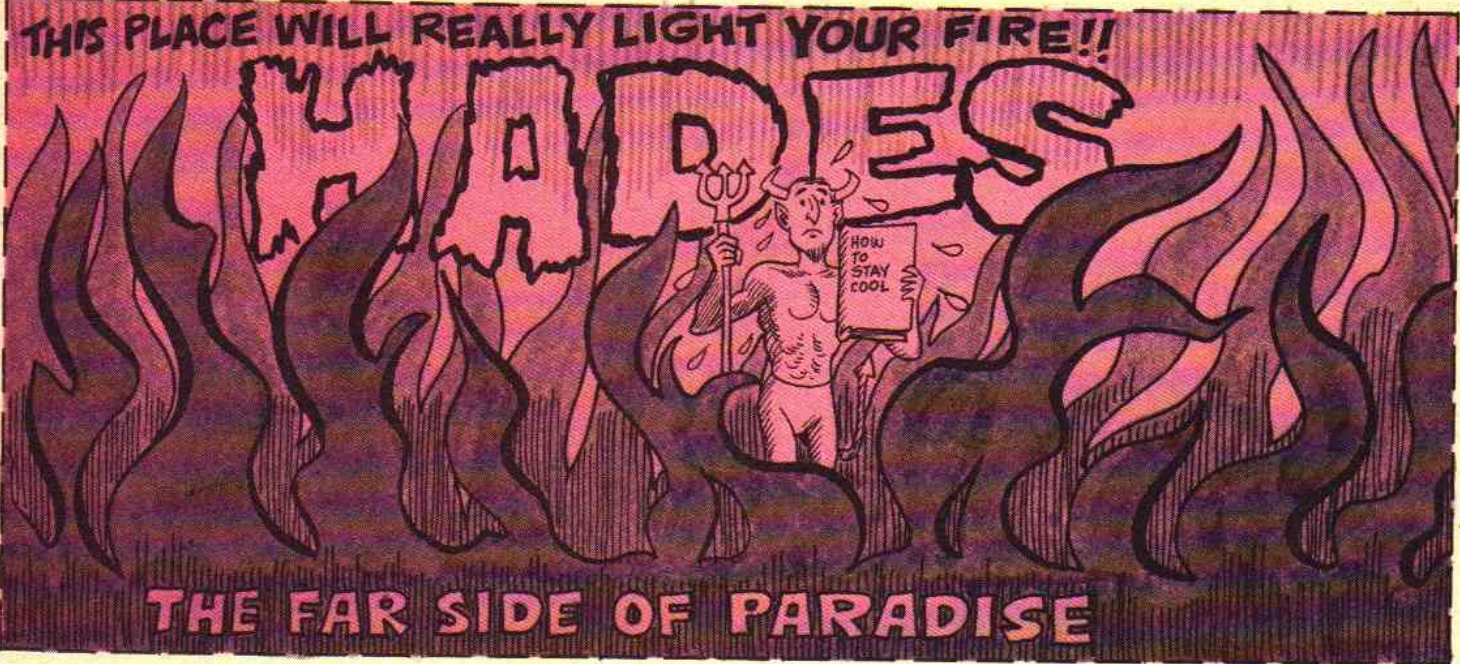
OKEFENOKEE SWAMP



GATOR NEW LEASE ON LIFE

THIS PLACE WILL REALLY LIGHT YOUR FIRE!!

HADES



THE FAR SIDE OF PARADISE

GOBI DESERT—fun in the sun; temperatures reach a delightful 275-degrees at noon, cooled off nightly by refreshing sandstorms; this is one foreign place you can drink the water (if you can find it, that is!)

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

OKEFENOKEE SWAMP—outdoor living for those who like to rough it; swim in delightful muddy creeks; hike on gripping quicksand patches; fish in biting alligator swamps; visitors who set foot in this wonderland never come back—that's how much they like it!

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

HADES—where the fun-loving people wind up; will fire your imagination, rekindle your passion, smoke out your desires; escape the cold—bask in hot steam bath; enjoy indoor barbecuing (*soul food is our specialty*).

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

IN THE
SWILL
OF THE
NIGHT...

LOVELY LAKE ERIE

LEAVES YOU *BREATHLESS!*



FOR THE SOPHISTICATED TRAVELERS WHO'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE...

THE



"ORIGINAL HOME OF THE EGG CREAM!!"

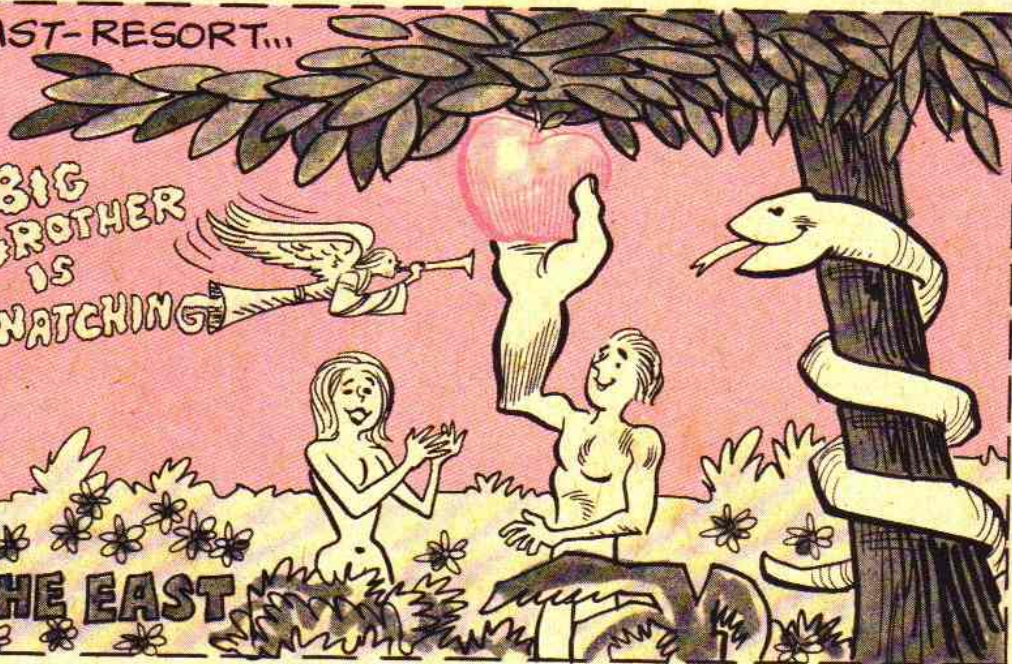
YOUR FIRST-NOT LAST-RESORT...

THE
GARDEN
OF

EDEN

SIN SPOT OF THE EAST

BIG
BROTHER
IS
WATCHING



LAKE ERIE—a perfect man-made panorama (*it wasn't planned—it just turned out that way*); an island unto itself, you can walk across; a swimmer's paradise—you can't drown (*there's always a piece of debris to grab hold of*).

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

THE BRONX—an offbeat playground for the jaded sophisticate; see the Grand Course at sunset; watch the moon come over Moshulu Parkway; thrill to the morning mist blanketing Bruckner Boulevard; so what else can we offer you?

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

THE GARDEN OF EDEN—where it all started and is still happening; six-day week; closed Sunday (*day of rest*); choice rib dinners (*apple for dessert*); dress optional.

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

—A SICK PICTURE POST CARD—

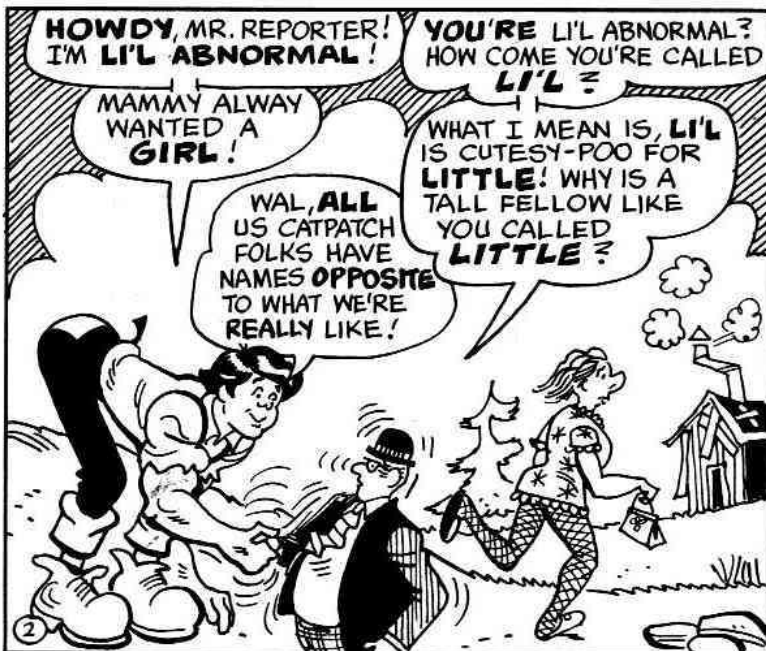
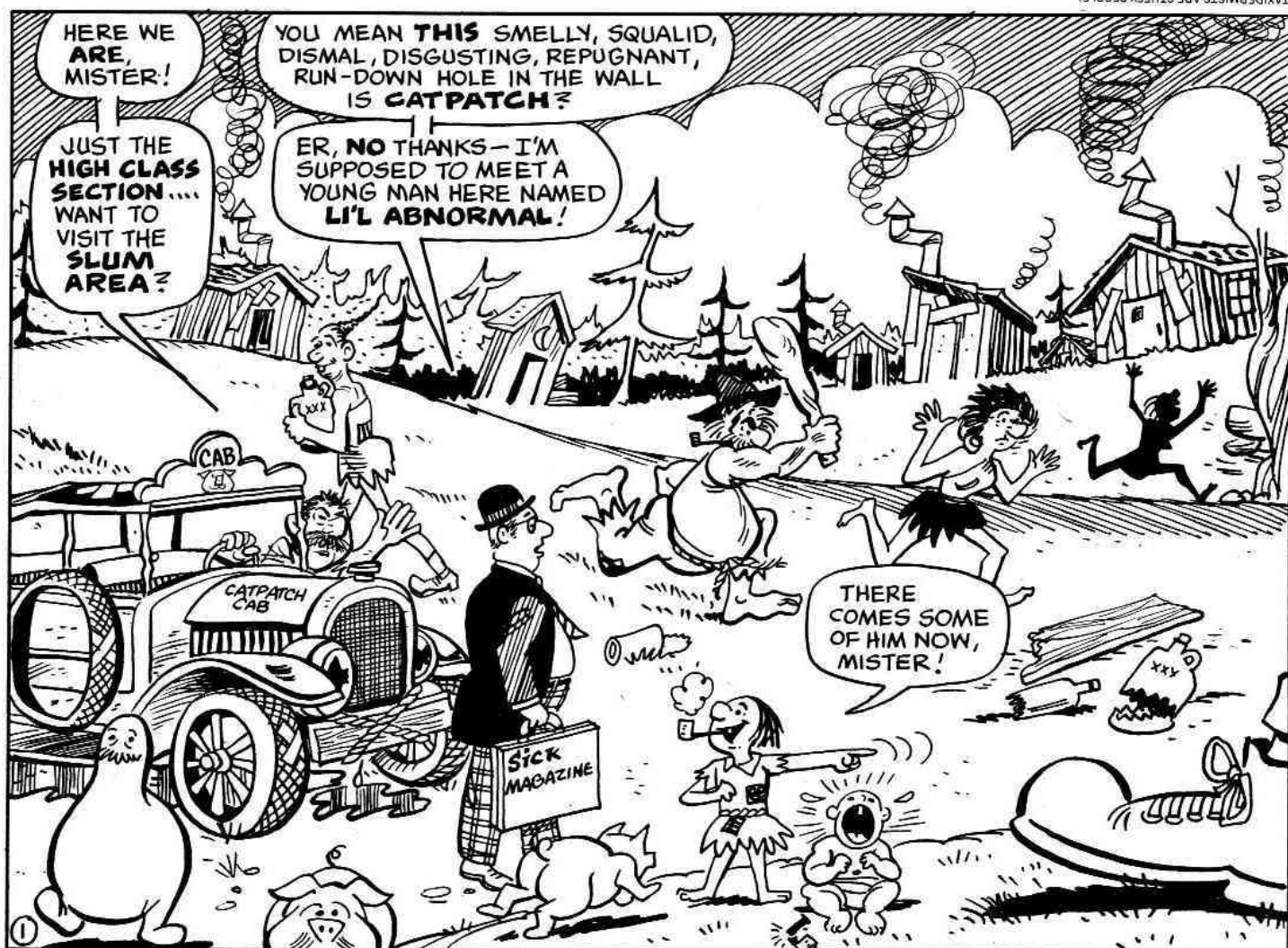
THE QUIANT LITTLE TOWN OF CATPATCH IS CALLED HOME BY SOME OF THE FAMOUS COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS OF ALL TIME. SICK MAGAZINE, ONCE AGAIN SPARING NO EXPENSE IN ITS UNFLAGGING EFFORTS TO NAUSEATE ITS READERS, SENT A REPORTER TO CATPATCH TO INTERVIEW ITS MOST ILLUSTRIOUS CITIZEN, WHO TURNED OUT TO BE A ...

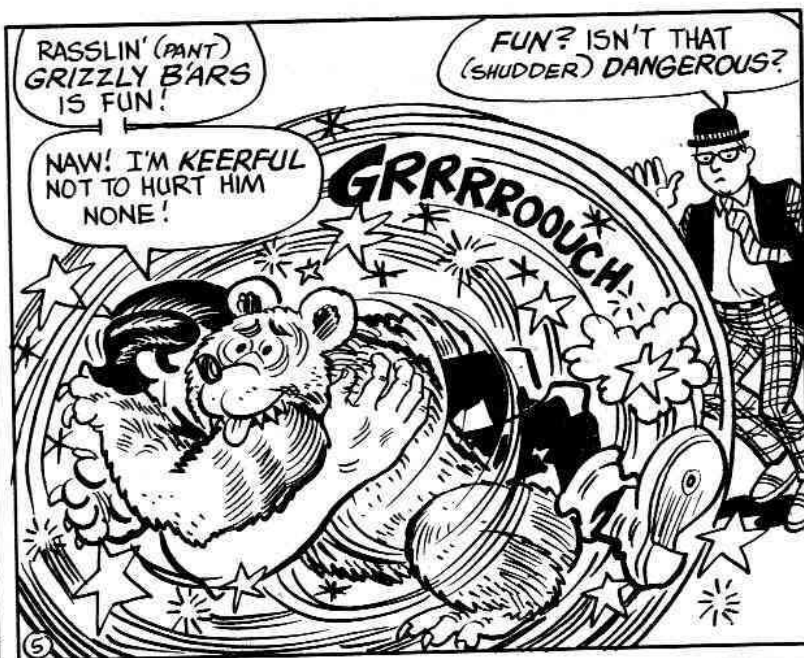
LIL ABNORMAL

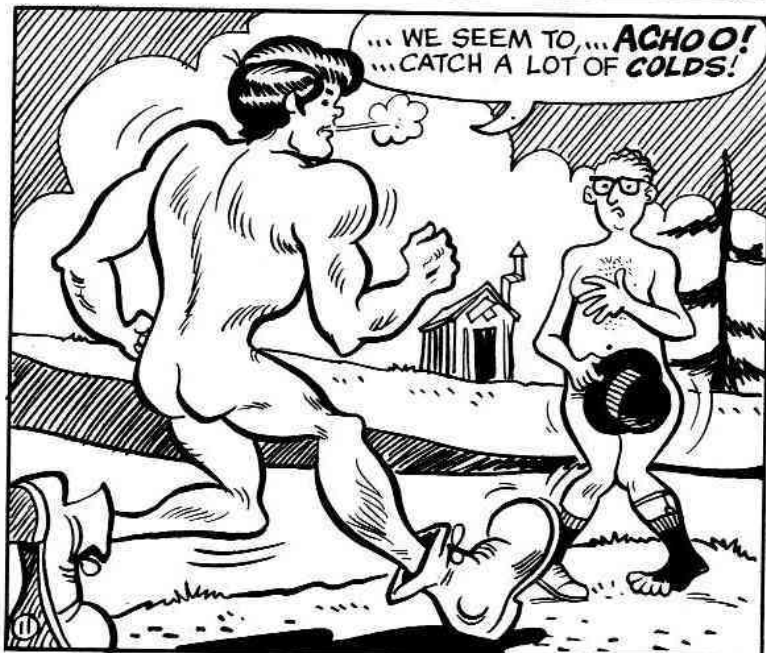
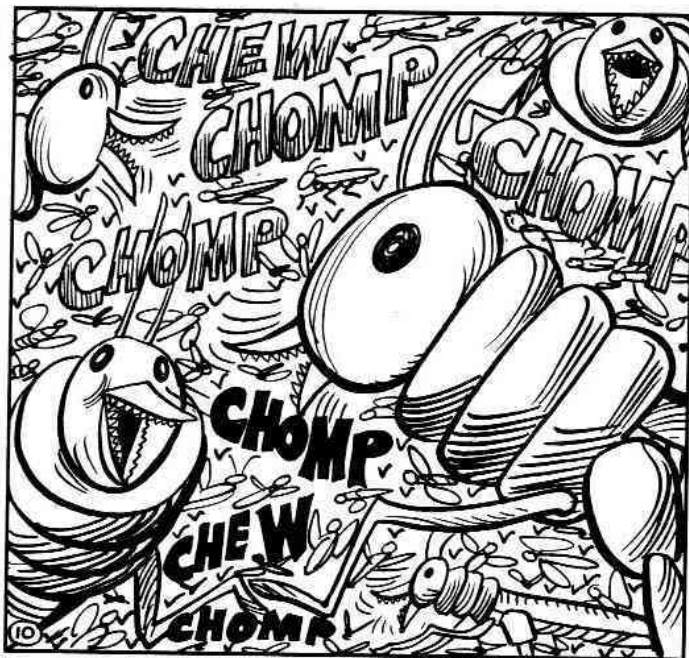
ART BY TONY TALLARICO

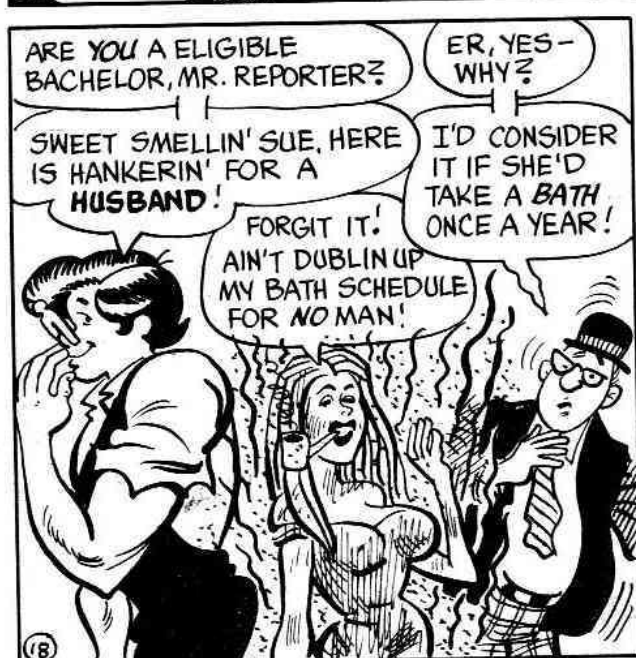
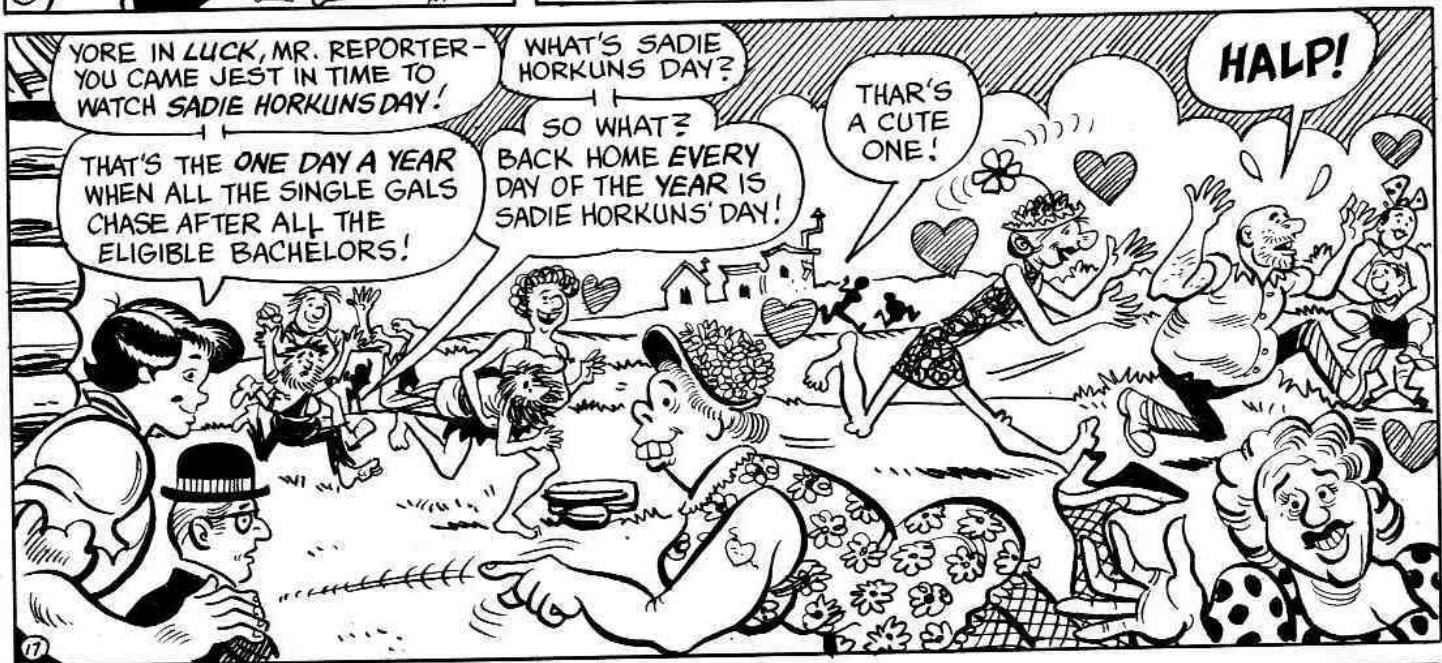
SCRIPT BY LEN HERMAN

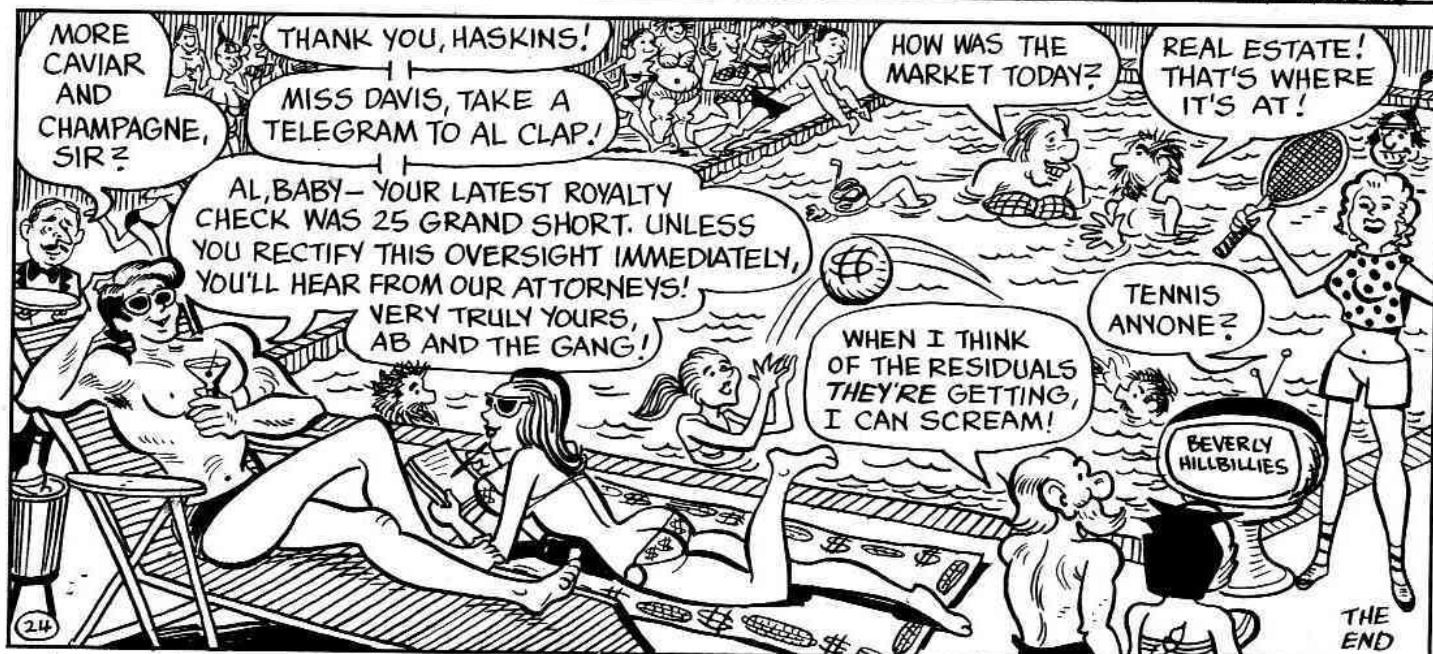
TAXIDERMISTS ARE STUFFY PEOPLE!











These days workers are demanding more than higher salaries. Most of them are interested in gaining "fringe benefits"—extra little rewards to go with their jobs. Here are some of the demands we may expect in the future . . .

FRINGE

TEACHERS

- Free tape to paste over the mouths of noisy students.
- A machine that catches spitballs and throws them back.
- Firecrackers to wake up sleeping students.
- Special blackboards to write their OWN graffiti.



DENTISTS

- Gas masks to protect them from garlic-eating patients.
- Free rabies shots for child bites.
- Anti-fluoride toothpaste to make cavities in teeth that don't have any.



PARKS WORKERS

- Cushioned park benches for coffee breaks.
- The dropping of litter to be made into a CAPITAL OFFENSE, punishable by death.
- Artificial grass that never needs cutting.
- A machine gun to keep squirrels at bay.



FIREMEN

- 10 boxes of marshmallows per week.



Sign on subway car door: "THE PUBLIC BE JAMMED!"

BENEFITS

Script by **BOB HEIT**

Art by **BILL BURKE**



SANITATION MEN

- Bouquets of flowers tied to the top of every garbage can.
- 10 free spray cans of Right Guard per week.
- A stereo set on every garbage truck to provide inspiring music, like GARBAGE IS FALLIN' ON MY HEAD.
- Nose guards.



TV WEATHERMEN

- Free umbrellas for those days on which they predict a sunny day.
- Free eye tests so that they'll stop predicting SUNNY when they can look out the window and see that it's raining.



PLUMBERS

- Free life preservers.
- Free swimming instructions by Mark Spitz.
- A collection of toy boats to play with.



TREE SURGEONS

- Long operating tables and cute nurses to assist them.
- Free helmets to protect them from birds.

Sign on fortune teller's door: "MEDIUM PRICES"

SPECIALIZED

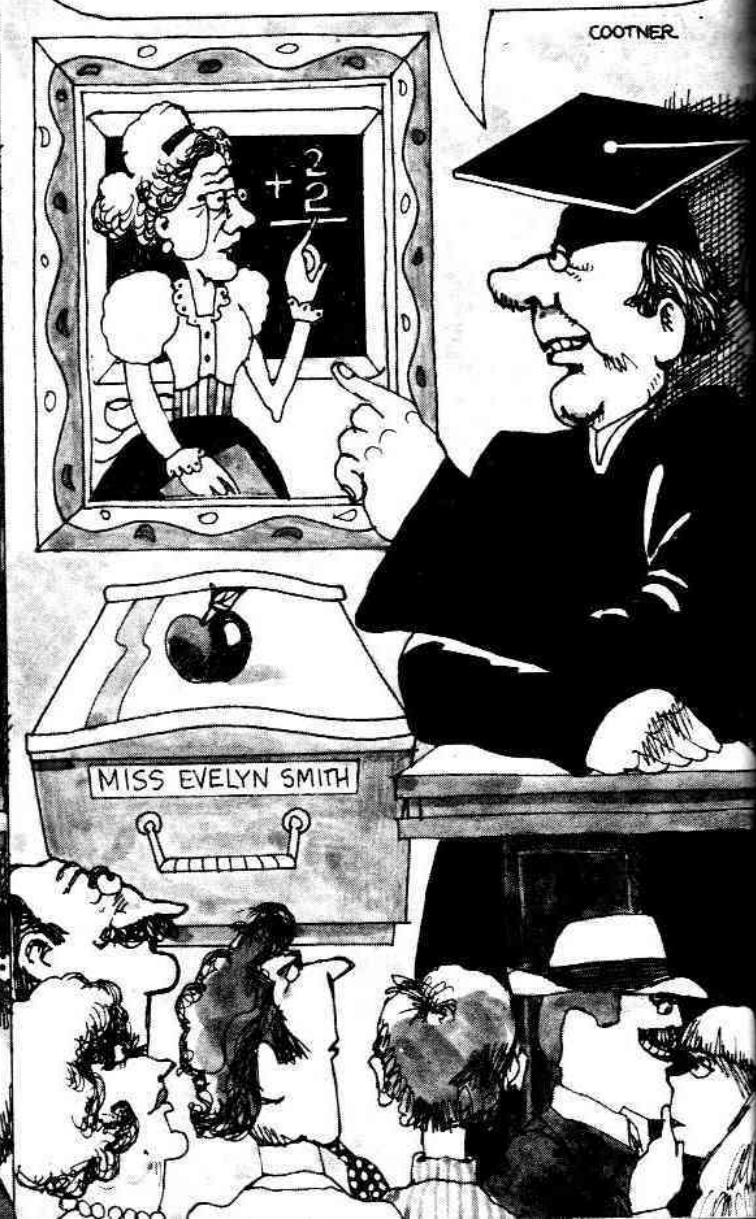
FOR A COWBOY

Pardners, good ol' Tex here is finally goin' to ride off into the sunset—permanently. Yup, after doin' a little stretch on the hangin' tree, Tex ain't got no more hang-ups. Yup, he's found a home where the buffalo roam an' the deer an' the antelope play—they're buryin' him in the San Antonio zoo. Tex here was no ordinary saddle tramp—he had a heart of gold. I know, 'cuz I cut it out as payment for this eulogy. From now on, I reckon, Tex will have to ride herd from a pine box on Boot Hill. An' jedgin' from the way the posse sent this bush-wackin', cattle-rustlin', card-thievin' polecat to his just reward—with a rope around his neck—I reckon I could say, with no forked tongue, that if Tex were to make it back to these parts, he'd really know the ropes!



FOR A TEACHER

Ring! You will all take your seats and please arrange yourselves from the shortest to the tallest and in alphabetical order! No gum chewing! No talking! . . . and no passing of notes! Anyone seen doing the aforementioned things during the service will be required to stay after the funeral. Now, repeat after me . . . "Miss Smith was a grand old gal . . . she taught me everything-I know . . . " Yes, boys and girls, Miss Smith lived by the golden rule r—brother, did she whack kids who got unruler-ly (a little pun for, ahem, cosmic relief). For homework, everyone will write a eulogy about Mrs. Smith. Ring! Funeral dismissed!



EULOGIES

ROAD HOGS AREN'T KOSHER!

Script by Michael Pellowski

Art by Bernie Cootner

FOR AN INDIAN

How, blood brothers! And if you don't know how, suggest you take course in sex education. But to get back to reason for our powwow, we are here to send our brave chief (if brave cannot be chief, how can chief be brave?) I repeat, to send our brave Chief Eager Beaver Smith off to Happy Hunting Grounds. Eager Beaver tried to scalp off more than he could chew. Him should have stayed barber. Instead, him become real estate agent and try to buy FBI headquarters in Washington. Him not know they no like Reds! Eager Beaver ask to be buried at Wounded Knee—but no room. Him be buried up the road a piece, at Fractured Elbow. Now, no Indian with head on shoulder go to capital until men running tribal council there be called Washington Senacas!



FOR A COMEDIAN

You'll never guess what happened to me on the way to the funeral . . . Go ahead ask me what—I'm *dying* to tell ya! Yuk! Yuk! Yuk! Isn't that a *killer*! It's enough to make you *turn over in your grave*! HA! HA! HA! Poor Snappy—he's thrown his last custard pie . . . but he's better off . . . Do you know how much a custard pie costs today? A robber came up to Snappy and said: "Your money or your life?" I guess it's obvious what Snappy's answer was! Heh! Heh! Heh! Well, Snappy, we're giving you a standing ovation—which is more than your act ever got! I'm sure you'll have a hot time no matter *where* you end up!



Introducing Euell Gibbons, whose name has become a household word because he eats everything around the house—including your front porch! SICK's reporter fearlessly faces Mr. Gibbons—totally unafraid since his questions are *tasteless*!

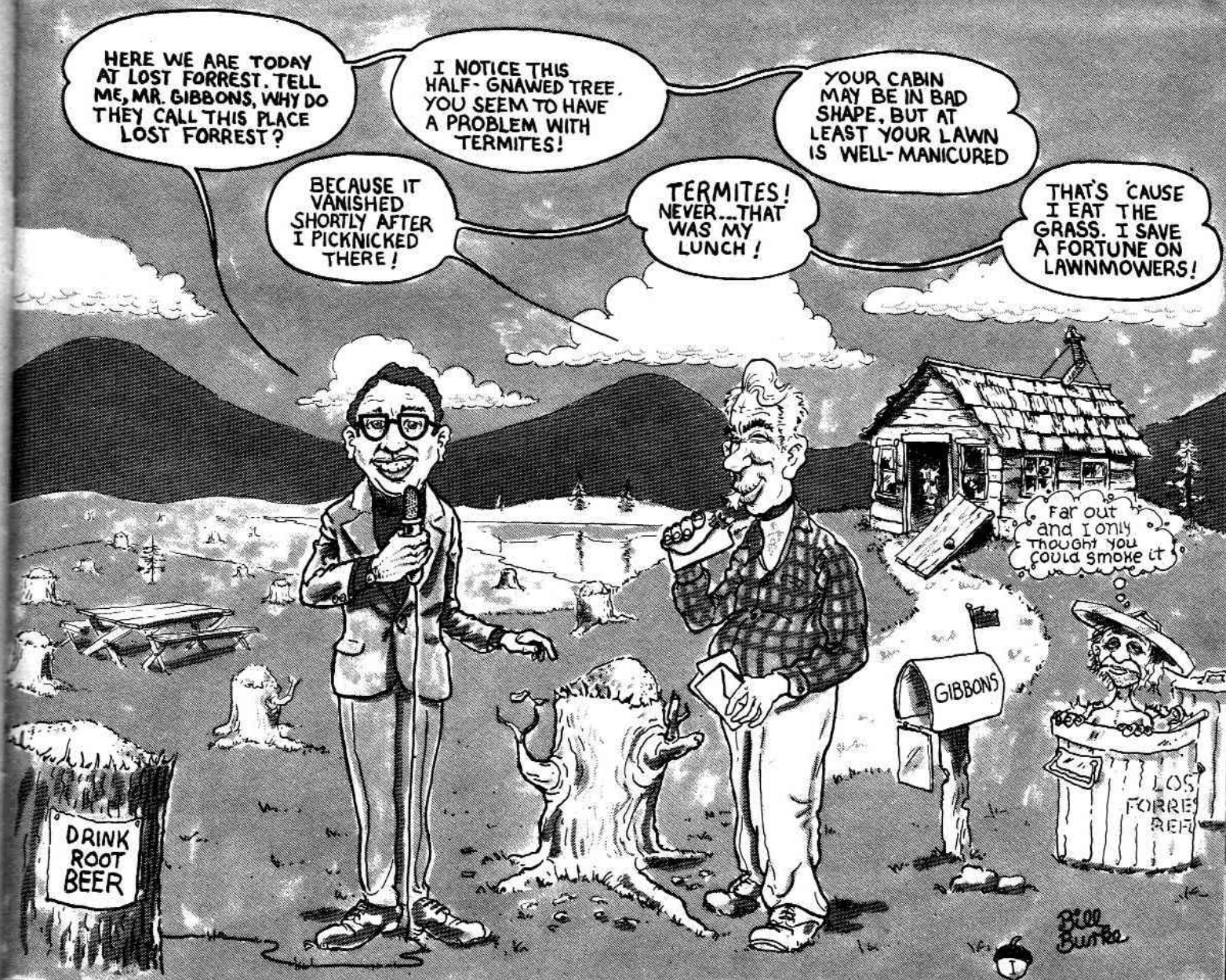
You are
what you
eat!

A SICK INTERVIEW WITH EUELL GIBBONS

Script by FRED WOLFE

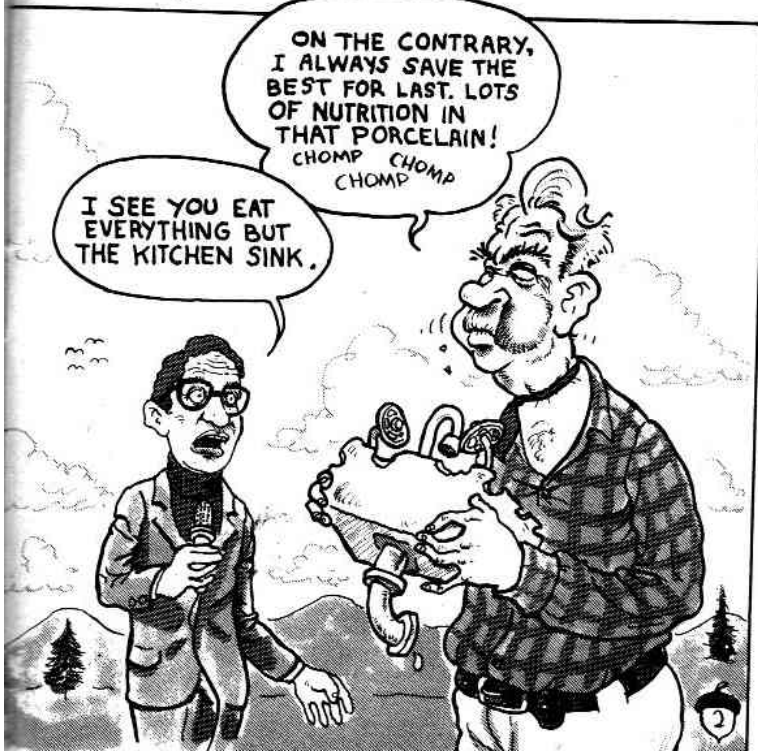
REARM VENUS DE MILLO

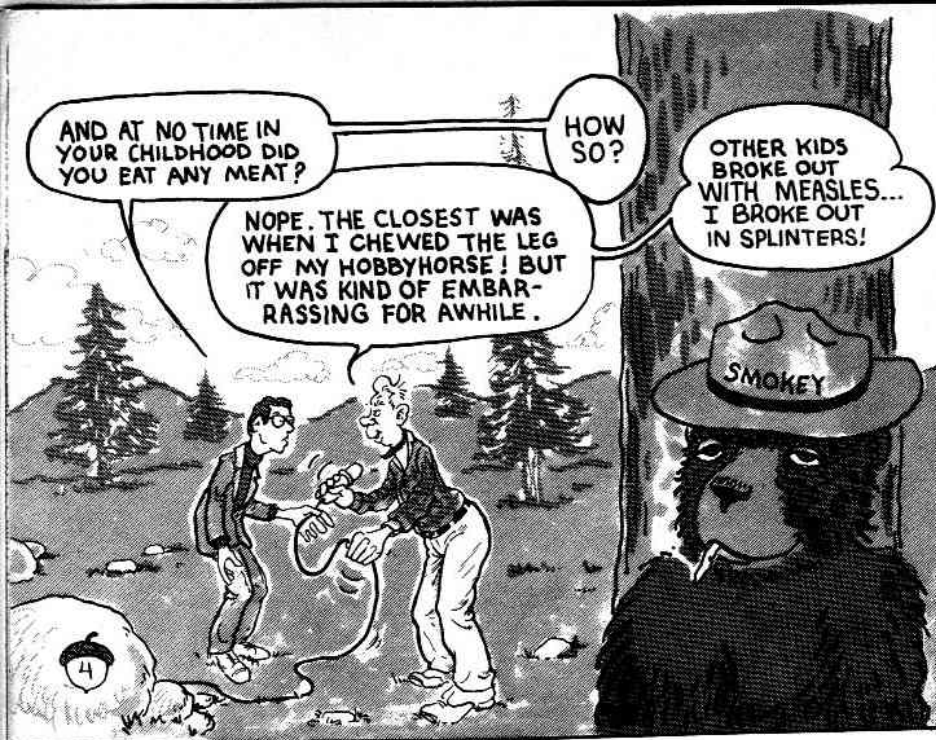
This Illustration By JOE McNEILL



Art by BILL BURKE

OVERBEARING WOMEN CAUSE THE POPULATION EXPLOSION!



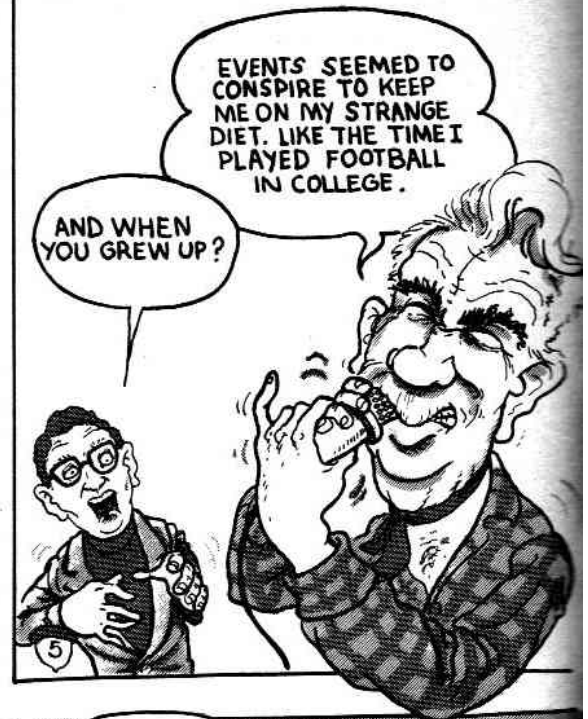


AND AT NO TIME IN YOUR CHILDHOOD DID YOU EAT ANY MEAT?

HOW SO?

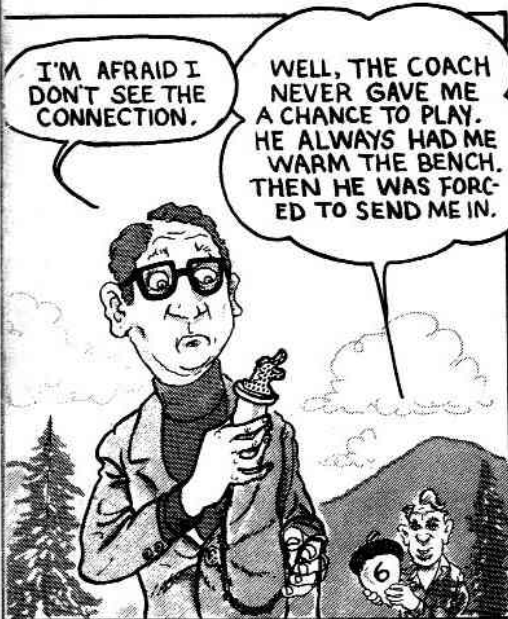
NOPE. THE CLOSEST WAS WHEN I CHEWED THE LEG OFF MY HOBBYHORSE! BUT IT WAS KIND OF EMBARRASSING FOR AWHILE.

OTHER KIDS BROKE OUT WITH MEASLES... I BROKE OUT IN SPLINTERS!



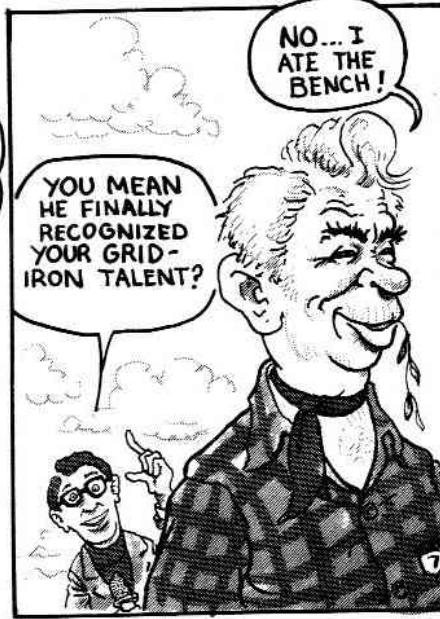
EVENTS SEEMED TO CONSPIRE TO KEEP ME ON MY STRANGE DIET. LIKE THE TIME I PLAYED FOOTBALL IN COLLEGE.

AND WHEN YOU GREW UP?



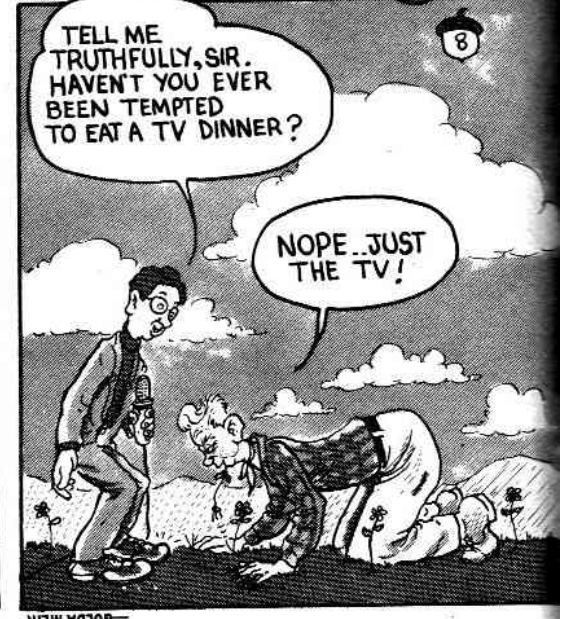
I'M AFRAID I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION.

WELL, THE COACH NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE TO PLAY. HE ALWAYS HAD ME WARM THE BENCH. THEN HE WAS FORCED TO SEND ME IN.



NO... I ATE THE BENCH!

YOU MEAN HE FINALLY RECOGNIZED YOUR GRID-IRON TALENT?



TELL ME TRUTHFULLY, SIR. HAVEN'T YOU EVER BEEN TEMPTED TO EAT A TV DINNER?

NOPE... JUST THE TV!



SPEAKING OF TELEVISION, I ALWAYS SEE YOU ON THE BOOB TUBE. YOU MUST GET AROUND A LOT. IN FACT, DIDN'T I SEE YOU IN WASHINGTON LAST YEAR?

YEP. I WAS INVITED ON A TOUR OF THE PRESIDENTS OFFICE.

SAY THOSE MISSING 18 MINUTES OF TAPE COULD IT BE?

OH OH! HIM AGAIN! WE'D BEST HIDE OUR NUTS!

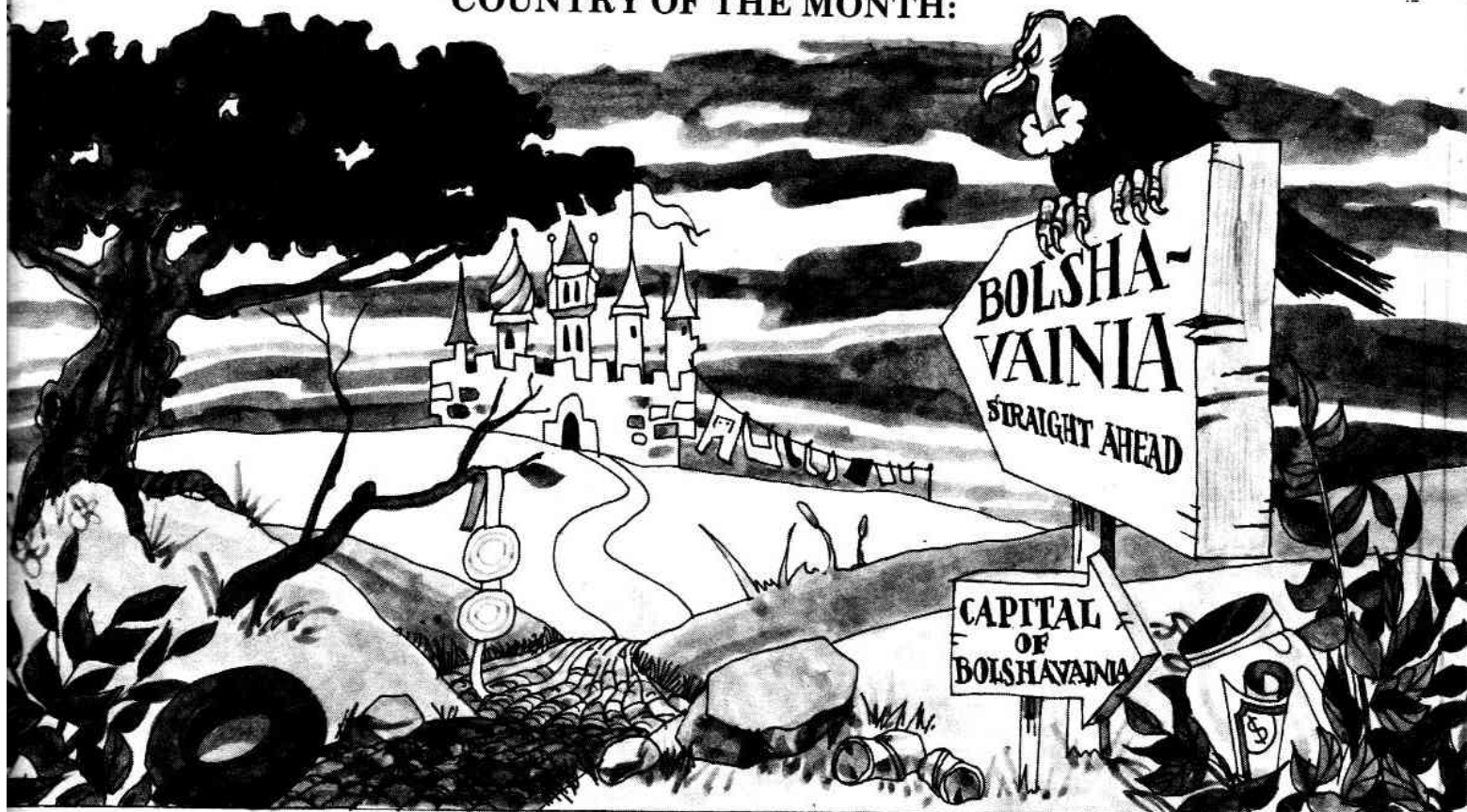


ERP!
NO COMMENT!

"There's a Zucker born every minute."
—GOLDA MEIR

BOLSHAVAINIA

COUNTRY OF THE MONTH:



Located 300 miles west (and downwind) of the Great Schawartzberg Onion Swamps, the capital of Bolshavainia is about \$14.32. They keep it in a mason jar buried beneath the Bolshavainian Mint, which is occasionally picked and served in mixed drinks to Bolshavainian tourists from Kentucky.



It's not hard to know when you've entered the peaceful little kingdom of Bolshavainia. You'll see the Bolshavainian national bird—a dead fly—proudly emblazoned on public buildings everywhere.



The Bolshavainian National Anthem is hummed, not sung, to the tune of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and the gross national product is: "Toenail clippings from goats."



The best way to experience the local customs of this quaint country is to attend a Bolshavainian wedding. The bride wears a flowing floor-length veil of mosquito netting that practically covers her jeans. Following the Bolshavainian tradition, everyone rushes up to kiss the groom.



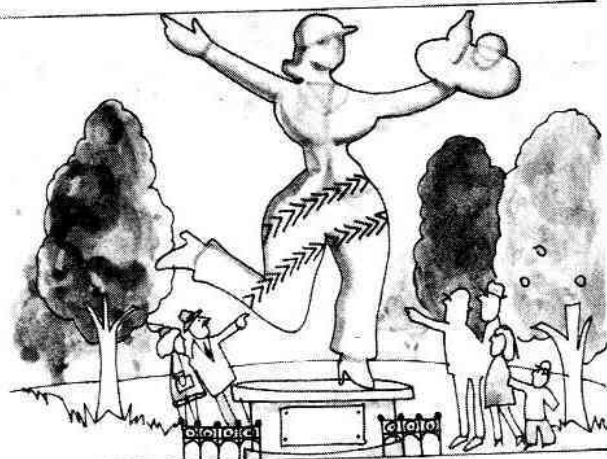
The groom wears formal black tennis shoes and if it's a short wedding the happy couple is showered with Minute Rice (probably the only shower they've had all month). Afterwards, everyone sits down to a catered banquet featuring the Bolshavainian national dish: Goat's Breath Soup and stale potato chips.



Nor do they have a well developed sense of humor. A recent Bolshavainian joke went: "What is the difference between a Bolshavainian pig and a Bolshavainian woman?" Few, if any, Bolshavainians knew the answer. When you see a Bolshavainian woman, you won't either.



Most people, however, can easily recognize the difference between an elephant and a Bolshavainian mother-in-law. It's about eight pounds—in favor of the mother-in-law.



Bolshavainia in springtime is a tourist's paradise. High on the list of must-see attractions is the Tomb Of The Unknown Carhop. Close inspection will reveal the bumper marks of a 'fifty-seven Chevy on her stretch pants.

King Ludwig the Bewildered, monarch of Bolshavainia, recently banned water skiing from his country because he couldn't find a downhill lake. Now, for relaxation Bolshavainians don colorful peasant costumes and dance merrily around a dead goat.



While the nation of Bolshavainia itself does not officially participate in the Olympics, many of the other nations use Bolshavainian athletes as catchers for their javelin teams.



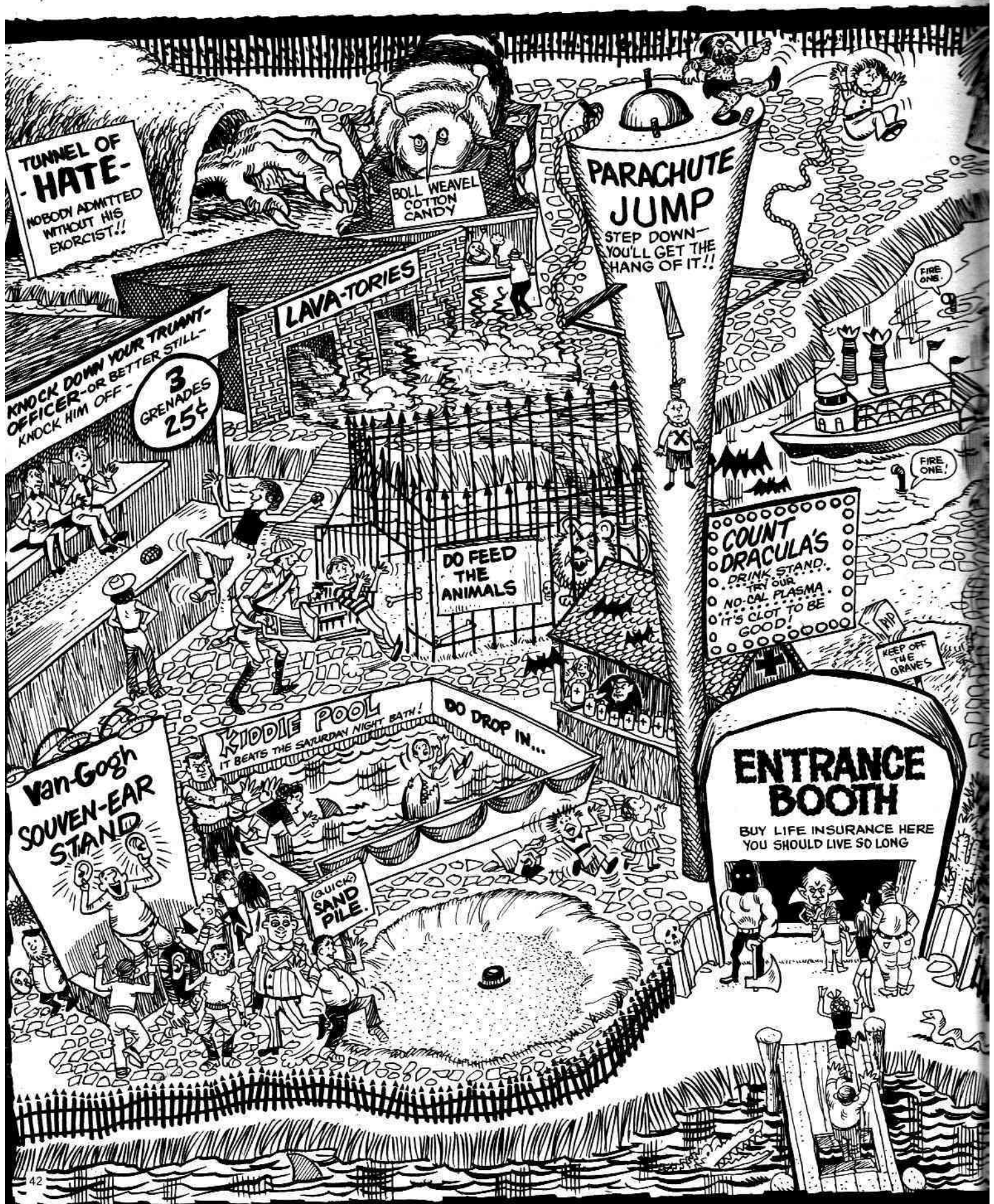
Like us, Bolshavainia is also experiencing an energy crisis, and they are doing everything possible to conserve their energy. Car pools are very popular; a typical Bolshavainian car pool consisting of four white collar Bolshavainians carrying a Volkswagen to work.



If you've enjoyed your visit to this quaint country it is considered acceptable to thank your host by presenting him with a gift. If your Bolshavainian host is wealthy and is a Bolshavainian who has everything, then give him a garbage truck to keep it in.

Script by **FRED WOLFE**
Art by **TONY TALLARICO**

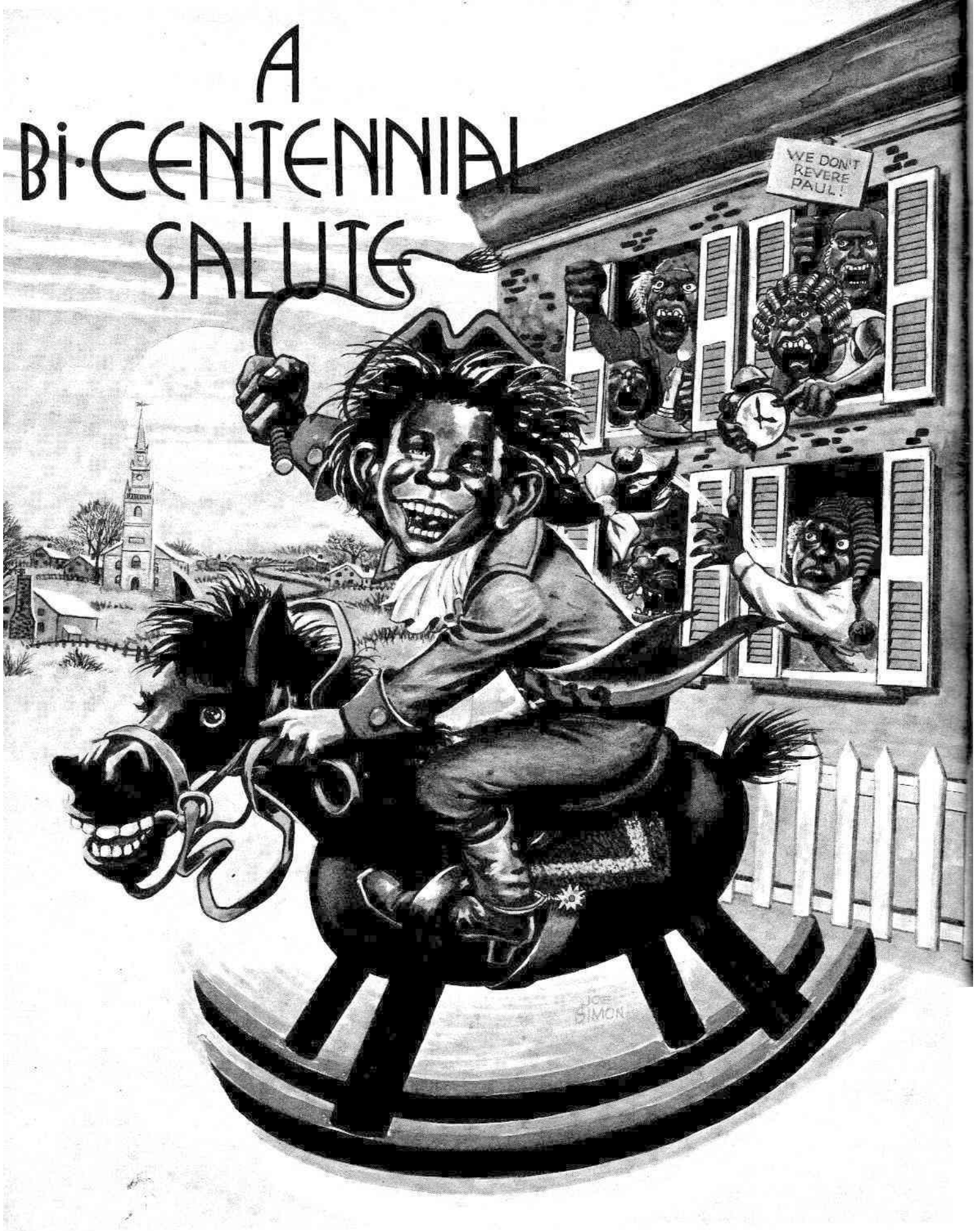
With violence rampant in movies and TV, kids are growing bored with the usual forms of tame entertainment. So who knows what kind of amusement park we might see in the future—probably one designed by Vincent Price—where even the rock candy is made out of real rocks!—and where the doorman doesn't tear your ticket in half—but the hand that's holding it! In other words...



DISMAL-LAND



A BI-CENTENNIAL SALLIE



SICK TAKES PAUL REVERE* FOR A RIDE!

(*America's Most Beloved Fink)

by PHIL HIRSCH and PAUL LAIKIN

WHAT WAS PAUL REVERE'S THEME SONG?

"Wake The Town And Tell The People!"

WHY DID MANY COLONISTS REFUSE TO HEED PAUL REVERE'S WARNING?

They thought he was just horsin' around!

WHAT DID PAUL REVERE DO WHEN HIS HORSE TOOK SICK WHILE CROSSING THE DELAWARE?

Nothing. He didn't want to change horses in midstream!

WHICH CAME FIRST, PAUL REVERE OR THE BOSTON TEA PARTY?

Horseman always comes before ship!

WHERE DID NEW YORKERS GO AFTER PAUL REVERE RODE THROUGH TOWN?

They went to the nearest OTB (offtrack betting) office to get down their bets on the second race!

WHAT DID THE COLONISTS PRESENT TO PAUL REVERE AFTER HIS HEROIC RIDE?

A shovel and a huge plastic bag!

WHAT DID MRS. REVERE DO WHEN SHE HEARD PAUL YELL, "THE BRITISH ARE COMING! THE BRITISH ARE COMING!"

She got out the good dishes!

WHAT EXACTLY DID PAUL REVERE SAY MANY TIMES DURING HIS FAMOUS RIDE?

"Giddyap! Giddyap!"

CAN YOU NAME PAUL REVERE'S HORSE?

No, it was already named!

WHAT DID PAUL GET AFTER HIS FAMOUS RIDE?

Saddle sores!

WHAT DO JOE NAMATH, HENRY AARON, RICK BARRY AND PAUL REVERE HAVE IN COMMON?

They're all jocks!

WHAT DID THE BRITISH CALL PAUL REVERE?

Big Mouth!

WHY DID PAUL REVERE REFUSE TO FIGHT AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL?

It wasn't on the level!

WHY WAS PAUL REVERE BURIED UNDER A MONUMENT?

Because he was dead!

WHY DID PAUL REVERE CHOOSE A BROWN HORSE INSTEAD OF A GREY HORSE?

He wanted a horse of a different color!

WHO DECLINED, BUT WAS THE FIRST MAN ACTUALLY CHOSEN TO GO ON PAUL REVERE'S IMPORTANT MISSION?

Jockey Eddie Arcaro!

WHY DID 2,000-YEAR-OLD MAN MEL BROOKS GIVE PAUL REVERE A HOT FOOT?

He wanted inspiration to someday write "Blazing Saddles!"

FOR WHAT REASON DID HAYM SOLOMON, WHO HELPED FINANCE THE PATRIOT'S CAUSE, DISLIKE PAUL REVERE?

A little hard of hearing, Solomon thought Paul was an anti-Semite who went around yelling, "The Yiddish are coming! The Yiddish are coming!"

WHO WERE THE UNHAPPIEST PEOPLE AFTER THE FAMOUS MIDNIGHT RIDE?

The racetrack fans who didn't bet on Paul Revere!

WHAT DID BLACK AMERICANS YELL TO PAUL REVERE?

"Ride on!"

WHEN MRS. REVERE TOLD PAUL TO REPAINT THEIR HOUSE THE SAME COLOR, WHAT DID HE SAY?

"I've had enough Redcoats to last me a lifetime!"

WHAT DID PAUL REVERE SHOUT WHEN THE REDCOATS FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING THROUGH THE COLONISTS' LINES?

"The British are cunning! The British are cunning!"

HOW DID PAUL REVERE'S HORSE BECOME RICH AFTER THE RIDE?

It made a pile on Wall Street!

WHY WAS LADY GODIVA CALLED THE "FEMALE PAUL REVERE"?

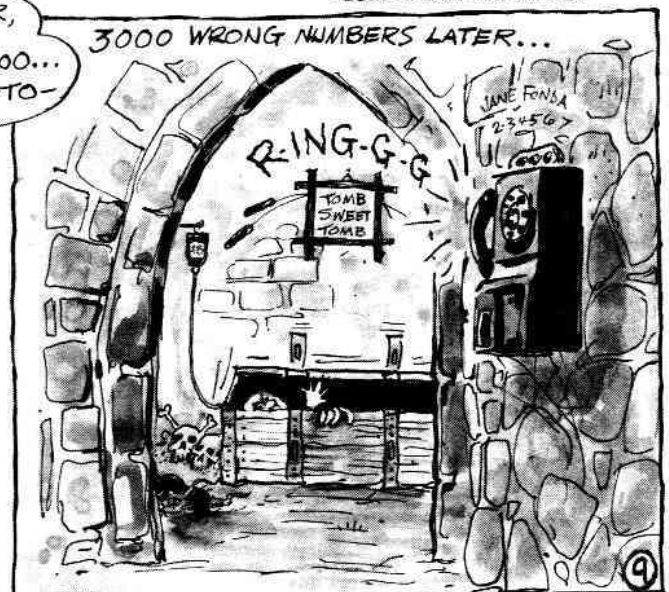
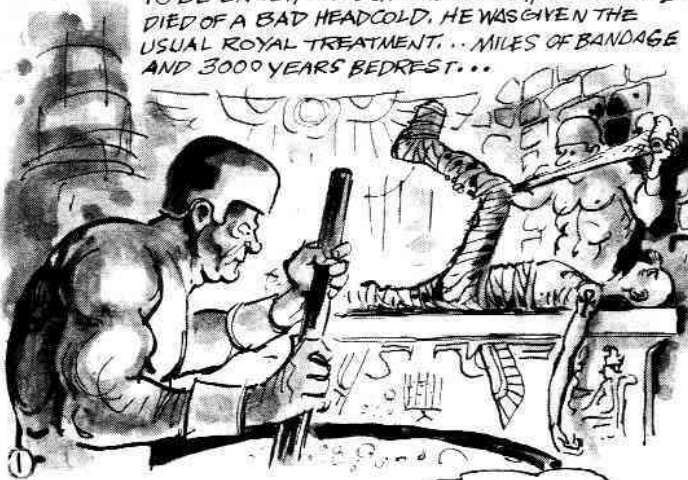
She put everything she had on a horse!

WHAT WAS PAUL REVERE'S FAVORITE MOVIE?

"Easy Rider!"

THE RETURN OF THE

ONCE UPON A TIME, ON MARCH 14, 104 B.C.
TO BE EXACT, THE EGYPTIAN KING, KAKAMAMIE III,
DIED OF A BAD HEADCOLD. HE WAS GIVEN THE
USUAL ROYAL TREATMENT... MILES OF BANDAGE
AND 3000 YEARS BEDREST...



Stop writing in the margins of this magazine...

AND SO HE MAKES
A PHONE CALL...

HELLO, OPERATOR,
GIVE ME
TRANSYLVANIA 6-5000...
MAKE IT POISON-TO-
PERSON!

3000 WRONG NUMBERS LATER...

JANE FONSA
234567

RING-G-G
TOMB
SWEET
TOMB

MUMMY

SCRIPT - BOB HEIT

OR:
COOL IT, OR I'LL
WRAP YOU!

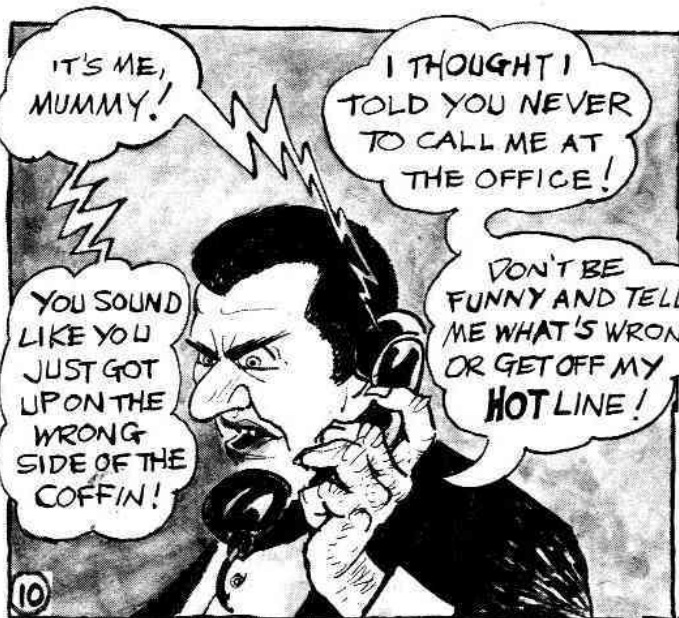
ART - DONOREHEK



APPALLED BY THE POOR TASTE DISPLACED BY KAKAMAMIE III, STANDING UP IN HIS OLD, DIRTY GRAY BANDAGES, VIEWERS ALL OVER THE NATION SWITCH CHANNELS, AND PROTEST AGAINST THIS MANGY MUMMY...



FURIOUS BECAUSE OF THE DROP IN HIS RATINGS, KAKAMAMIE III VOWS VENGEANCE...



THEN THE MUMMY MAKES ANOTHER CALL...

AND STILL ANOTHER CALL...

I'M CALLING A SUMMIT MEETING AT THE GAZA STRIP AT NOON TOMORROW BECAUSE MY TV RATING'S DROPPED...

MINE TOO ... CAN'T SEEM TO SCARE ANYONE ON TV THESE DAYS ... TOO MUCH COMPETITION!

ANYWAY, I'LL BE THERE IF MY HEAD'S STRAIGHT... WHICH IN MY CASE IS FOR SURE! BYEBYE!

IS THIS YOU, KONG? HOW'S TRICKS?

GR-RR-RR!

GLAD TO HEAR IT! THINGS AREN'T SO GOOD AT THIS END. MY TV RATING'S DROPPED!

(GRRR-RR!)

YOU DO HAVE A WAY OF CHEERING A GUY! SAY, CAN YOU MEET ME AT THE GAZA STRIP TOMORROW AT NOON?

GRRR!

FINE... AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING A DEODORANT!

12

13

ATTENTION ATLAS: Get that chip off your shoulder!

AND SO THE NEXT DAY AT NOON...



16

YOU SHOWED UP ... ALL YOU BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE! SAY... I THOUGHT THE INVISIBLE MAN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE TOO!

HE IS... LOOK ON THE GROUND!

SO WHAT GOOD WILL HE BE?

GR!

HE CAN RUN, CAN'T HE?



17

AND THE VERY NEXT NIGHT IN TOWN...

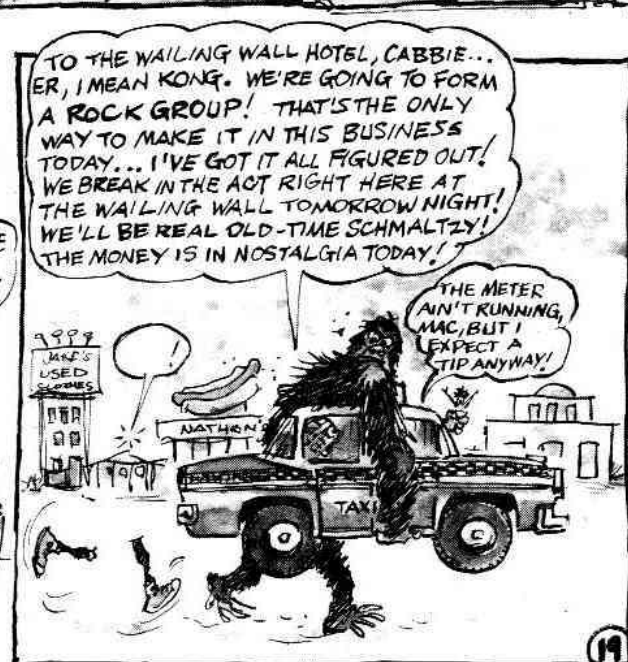
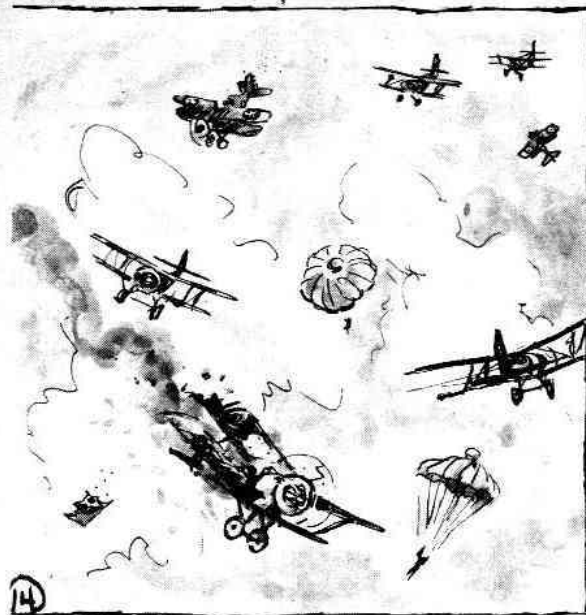
GR-RRR!

MUMM-Y, MUMM-Y!
DA SUN SHINES EAST,
DA SUN SHINES WEST,
I KNOW WHERE DA SUN SHINES BEST...

YEAH!
YEAH!
YEAH!



20



ATTENTION STEVE BRODY: They're making you the fall guy...





HOW TO LOSE GRACEFULLY AT RUSSIAN ROULETTE

by Paul Laikin
(Former Loser)

Too many people are sore losers. It's all right when things go well, but just let something bad happen and they fall apart. What we should do is accept our troubles gracefully if we are mature individuals. Most people, however, crack up at the slightest thing

... If they hear ticking from a valise in an airport baggage room. Or when they see a car come hurtling toward them at 90 miles an hour on a one-lane road. Or, a little thing, if their psychiatrist lies on the couch with them.

But the people who bug us most are the poor losers at sports. Remember, it's not who wins or loses, but how you play the game. Take a game like Russian roulette. The Heinrich von Schlemiel study indicates that most losers in Russian roulette simply cannot accept defeat gracefully. They moan, they groan, they thrash all over the floor. They're a bloody nuisance.

Until recently, Russian roulette was played mainly by men. Since Women's Lib, however, women also want a shot at this pastime—recommended by all population control organizations.

A game of chance, Russian roulette requires daring, fortitude and a sangfroid air of "I don't care." Some of the best people in society have hailed RR as an art form. That is why they get so frustrated and want to kill Russian roulette's sore losers.

You might refuse to shake hands with the winner when you lose a tennis match, or even fail to congratulate your best friend when he suddenly announces that he is going to marry your girl; but when you have a little bad luck at Russian roulette, and act like a sore loser, that's the last straw. It's simply not done.

For those who may be unfamiliar with the rules of the game, Russian roulette offers good odds: one in six chances to win, or lose—depending on your point of view. There are usually two or more people playing. Players alternate taking turns at spinning the wheel. If nothing is triggered the first time, the next person spins. If, after the fifth try, nothing has

happened short of a few coronaries, the next player gets a chance to shoot for the sky, so to speak. Then—BANG—the game is finis.

Under no circumstances, please bear in mind, should this game be confused with the gun game of the same name. The Russian roulette discussed here is the one played in Moscow on a roulette wheel.

You didn't really think we meant the gun game, did you? What do you want—a shot in the head! ■

There have been many complaints about government employees. It's been said that the exams must be real easy if these guys passed. We would like to make it perfectly clear that the exams are as difficult as ever! To prove our point, we are publishing portions of recent tests given to our great public servants . . .

CIVIL SERVICE TESTS FOR UNCIVIL APPLICANTS

Script by BOB HEIT
Art by BERNIE COOTNER

FIREMAN'S TEST

(fill in)

Marshmallows are usually roasted over a _____

Children should not play with matches since they may accidentally start a _____.

The signal given when someone is about to be executed by a firing squad is "Ready, Aim, _____!"

When a citizen sees a burning building he should find the nearest _____-alarm box.

When someone is in a hurry, his friends often shout, "Hey, where's the _____?"

When workers don't do their job, their boss may _____ them.

Only your kiss, kiss, kiss can put out the _____!



SUBWAY MOTORMAN'S TEST

(True or False)

125th Street comes between 133rd Street and 142nd Street, except on matinee days or Thursdays. TRUE () FALSE ()

The platforms with people standing on them are called shoe stores. TRUE () FALSE ()

To stop the train you put your foot down on the accelerator. TRUE () FALSE ()

It is a good idea, especially at high speeds, for the wheels to remain on the tracks. (Otherwise, go into an immediate holding pattern and await landing instructions from the nearest airport control tower. TRUE () FALSE ()

When making a right turn, signal by placing your hand out the window and see if you can catch the brass ring. TRUE () FALSE ()

I made the _____ run on time!



OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE—JUST THE YOUNG ONES!



PARK DEPARTMENT TEST

(Multiple Choice)

The green-colored stuff that people should keep off is called:

- A. Gas.
- B. Grass.
- C. Glass.

The big things with branches and leaves and trunks are called:

- A. Trees.
- B. Escaped elephants running wild in the woods.
- C. Camouflaged muggers.

Parks should be kept:

- A. Off limits to people to preserve their natural state.
- B. Indoors in case of rain.
- C. In banks, to prevent robberies.

SANITATION DEPARTMENT TEST

(True or False)

A can that contains garbage is called a garbage can? TRUE () FALSE ()

A rose by any other name is a truck that carries garbage? TRUE () FALSE ()

Eau de Garbage smells better than Jean Nate, Lanvin or a wrestler after a match? TRUE () FALSE ()

A keen-eyed garbageman will never go hungry? TRUE () FALSE ()

Despite the increasingly higher pay, shorter hours and better pensions, garbagemen often feel down in the dumps? TRUE () FALSE ()



AMBULANCE DRIVER'S TEST

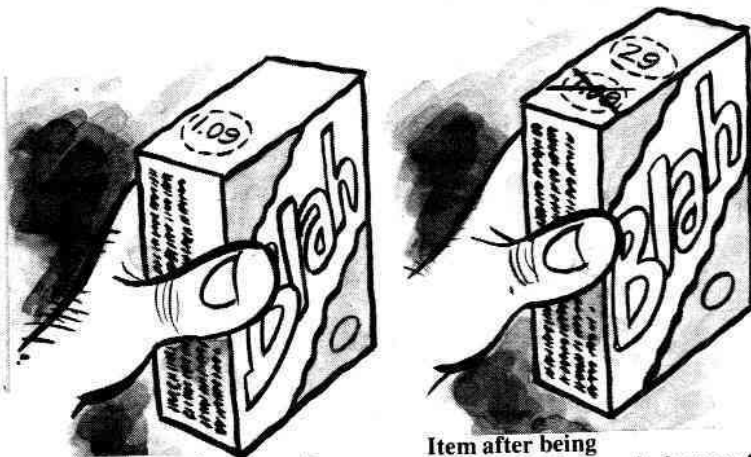
(Multiple Choice)

To make a left turn, the steering wheel should be turned to:

- A. The left.
- B. The right.
- C. Neither.

Ambulances should:

- A. Be made like tanks and have the right to shoot or run over pedestrians and vehicles that don't give them the right of way.
- B. Never block traffic.
- C. Be driven by the patient so that drivers can curse at motorists who impede their progress.
- D. Come equipped with Monopoly and Scrabble sets in case the patient gets bored enroute to the hospital.



Item before stamping with "mark-downer."

Item after being stamped with "mark-downer." Note more attractive price.

The Supermarket Mark-Downer

The supermarket mark-downer is a specially made marking stamp that automatically *crosses out* original price and stamps on newer, more desirable figure. Keep this handy invention with you whenever you shop. Then feel free to slash your food bill!



"Take your bags, sir?"

THE PORTER WHO DOESN'T LEAVE THEM HOLDING THE BAG

A red hat and a ready smile is all that is needed at air, rail or bus terminals in order to relieve wealthy travelers of their luggage and the contents—*forever!*

INSTANT MONEY SECTION:

INFLATION GOT YOU DOWN? WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY FAST? Now it's easy, foolproof, practically guaranteed! No gimmicks, books to buy, or empty promises . . . just proven methods on . . .

HOW TO MAKE

BIG MONEY

Script by
JOHN FARRIS



FREE ELECTRICITY PLUG-IN UNIT

Discontinue your electric service immediately, and simply use the Plug-in Unit to enjoy free utility service for the rest of your life.

WARNING: If the lights go out, do not—repeat—do not ask for a company serviceman to make a service call. Assume it is an area black-out and wait for the resumption of power.

"Big game today!"



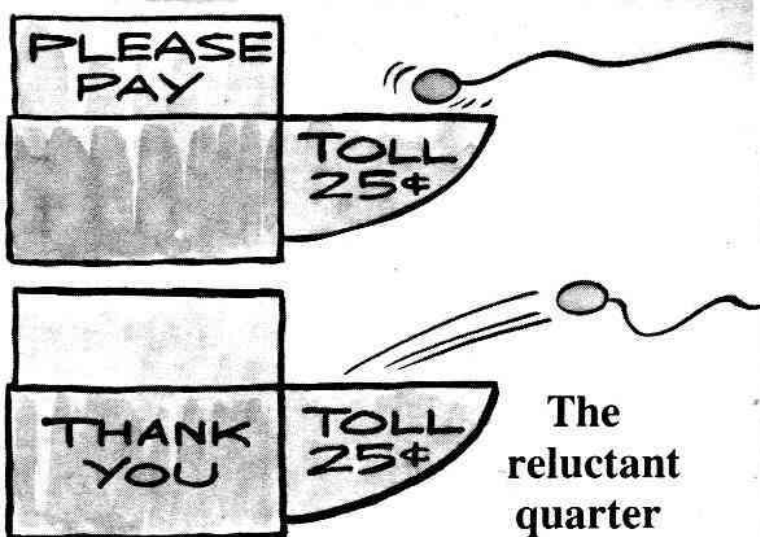
PROGRAM FOR ASPIRING MILLIONAIRES

Have you ever looked *closely* at a football program before you took your seat? Neither does anyone else. For this reason, enterprising young men can make very good money, very quickly, selling *last year's* football programs to the in-rushing crowds!

The mouse in the whiskey bottle



After consuming a bottle of whiskey, champagne, etc., place the body of a small mouse (*in desperately climbing position*) inside bottle. Take bottle back to liquor store or send back to distillery with properly outraged letter. Purchase price will be refunded although there will be a protesting letter sent to you, citing impossibility of this taking place because of quality control, inspections, etc.



This handy turnpike toll-beater is nothing more than a quarter with an elasticized string attached to it. Just flip coin into toll basket, wait for ringing of payment bell, then withdraw. It's *that* easy! During heavy summer driving, it is advisable to have children work the reluctant quarter. In this way, if police see and stop car for questioning, the driver can maintain that he did not realize the foolish child was trying to cheat the law, and that "it will never happen again!"

IN A BIG HURRY!!!!!!

Art by
JOHN LANGTON

Want to make even more money for years to come? Then send for our FREE "Guide to Instant Money for YOU for Years Ahead." Although the guide to instant money is free, government regulations force us to charge a nominal \$274.56 in handling charges. Send for your super money-making FREE guide today. It's free because we love you!



HOTEL FREE KEY.

Don't bother with the time-consuming checking-in at hotels. Just take the elevator to the floor of your choice, use your handy Hotel Free Key to select an empty room. To avoid detection, make room selections late at night, after everyone has checked into the hotel. **WARNING:** Do not leave your Free Key at the desk when leaving in the morning. Also, dumb-kopfs, do not check out!



THE BILL SHREDDER

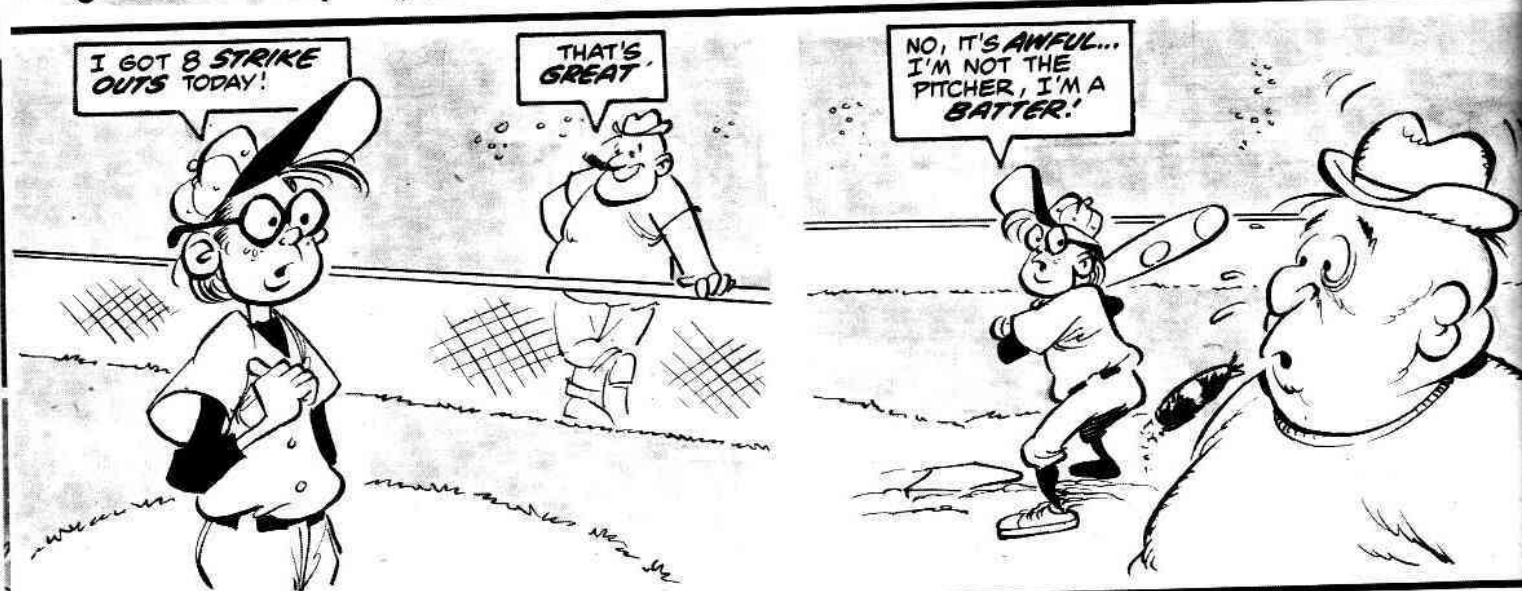
Worried about bills, bills, bills. Well, stop worrying. Just drop every one of those nasty bills into the Bill Shredder and send the contents to a paper recycling outfit—and bill them for the paper! Oh, yes, add all those dunning letters you will get to the hungry maw of the Bill Shredder. And as for those husky collectors the companies will ultimately send around, you have two choices: Either you can move or you can drop them into the shredder!

CHILDREN SHOULD BE OBSCENE AND NOT HEARD!

With the Little League baseball season about to get underway, it's time to take a new look at this old institution. And so, with a minimum of fanfare and a maximum of fantasy...

SICK

LOOKS AT THE



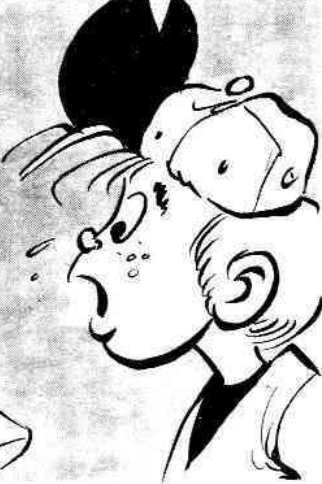
LITTLE LEAGUE

Script by
ARON MAYER
Art by
JOHN COSTANZA

YOU KNOW, LOSING A GAME CAN CAUSE A TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE!

RIGHT, IT CAN BE VERY UPSETTING FOR BOYS OUR AGE!

WHAT BOYS? I'M TALKING ABOUT THE PARENTS!



WE NEEDED YOUR RUN TO WIN THE GAME, WHY DIDN'T YOU *SLIDE* HOME?



BECAUSE MY MOTHER TOLD ME IF I GOT MY UNIFORM DIRTY SHE'D *KILL* ME!



NOW GO OUT AND *KILL* 'EM!!



SAY, WHAT ARE THOSE FATHERS ARGUING ABOUT?



HOW TO TEACH THEIR KIDS ABOUT *TEAMWORK*!



POOR BOBBY, HE'S STRUCK
OUT 14 CONSECUTIVE TIMES
OVER THE LAST 3 GAMES!

WHY DON'T YOU
TAKE HIM OUT OF
THE LINEUP?

WE CAN'T, HE'S OUR
BEST HITTER!

THE BASES ARE LOADED, IT'S
TWO OUTS, LAST INNING AND
THE SCORE TIED... WHY IS
THE GAME BEING CALLED?

THE PITCHER'S MOTHER SAID
HE HAD TO BE HOME AT
SIX O'CLOCK!

TOMMY, YOU BAT FIRST. JOEY,
YOU'RE UP SECOND. LARRY,
YOU'RE THIRD, AND YOU,
HERBY, YOU **CLEAN UP!**

OH, BOY, I'M
GONNA BAT
FOURTH!

NO, YOU **CLEAN UP!**
I WANT THE FIELD
SPOTLESS BEFORE
THE GAME STARTS!

HEY, YOU WERE
JUST UP! HOW
COME YOU'RE
UP AGAIN?

BECAUSE
IT'S **MY**
BAT!

WHAT MAKES YOU
SAY YOUR TEACHER,
MISS HOPKINS, WON'T
PLAY ON OUR TEAM?

I HEARD OUR MANAGER
SAY HE'S TRYING TO
GET TO **FIRST BASE**
WITH HER BUT SHE WON'T
PLAY BALL!

BOOZEGUZZLER'S LICENSE

—A SHTATE-ISSHUED LICENSH—

This permit allows

to lap up everything in sight, from scotch and bourbon to beer and vinegar juice, until said bearer passes out on the floor. It further allows bearer, in case the above is unavailable, to imbibe any other known spirits, from after-shave lotion to Chanel No. 5. Bearer is permitted to be as obnoxious as necessary while imbibing, and is entitled to select the delirium tremen of his or her choice.

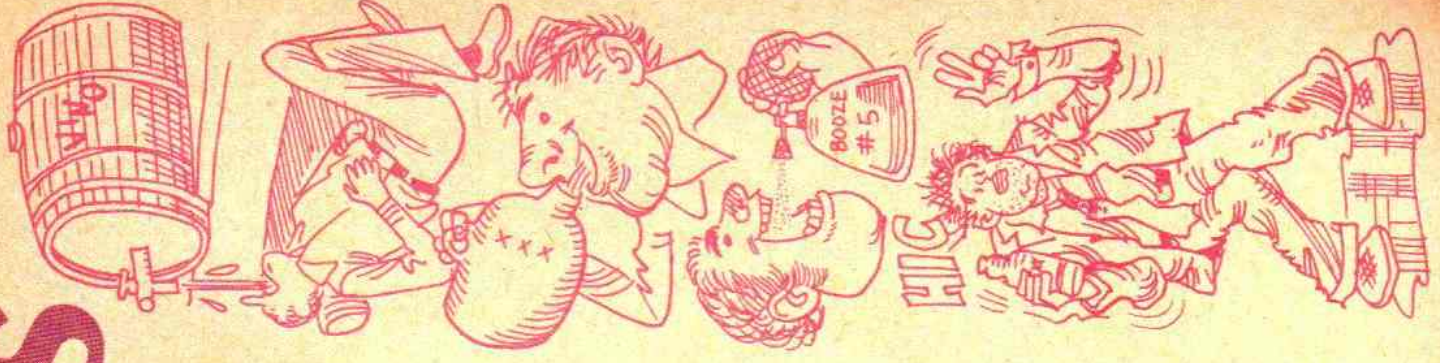
Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and downed with a chaser.

Will Strout

HEAD BARTENDER

Sack O'Altrader

CHIEF COOK & BOTTLE WASHER



—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING



SEAL OF APPROVAL—

—A SICK CERTIFICATE—



SPOUSE-BEATER'S LICENSE

—ALSO GOOD FOR SINGLES—

Permission is hereby granted to beat his or her spouse or date within an inch of his or her life, if necessary, with or without provocation. Bearer may use whatever weapon is available, from fists to knees to rolling pins and broomsticks. In the event of resistance, bearer may employ everything but the kitchen sink (an additional license is necessary for the latter). Bearer is given free rein to inflict any bodily damage short of murder (an additional license is needed for that, too). If apprehended by police and prosecuted, bearer is entitled to present this license to "beat" the rap.

Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and battered around this date.

T.J. Choppum

JUNIOR KARATE INSTRUCTOR

V.S. Plittum

SENIOR DIVORCE LAWYER



—APPROVED BY—

GOOD HOUSEBREAKING—



HYPOCHONDRIAC'S LICENSE

THIS CERTIFICATE ENTITLES BEARER

to practice the art of hypochondria in any State of the Union. Bearer may cry, moan, shout, scream, complain, throw up and do whatever else is necessary upon discovering the slightest ache or pain. Bearer may also do these things even when no discomfort is present. In addition, bearer is permitted to carry up to six hundred different colored pills daily. Furthermore, bearer is given permission to sit and brood about his or her health, imagine all sorts of incurable diseases and, finally, to be firmly convinced that he or she is sicker than a doctor who doesn't get to the golf course two weeks in a row.

Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and given two pills before stamping.

J. M. Quack

HEAD PSYCHIATRIST

U. R. Sycotic

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

—THE DEATH

BED SEAL—



PANHANDLER'S LICENSE

—A HANDOUT DIPLOMA—

is hereby entitled to panhandle on any street corner in America, bothering anybody who passes by. Bearer may push, shove, slap, kick, curse and otherwise do bodily harm to those passing by who refuse to give anything or give less than a dime. Finally, bearer has permission to panhandle the person who hands over this diploma.

Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and handed out this date.

Nita Dime

CHIEF OF STREET BEGGARS

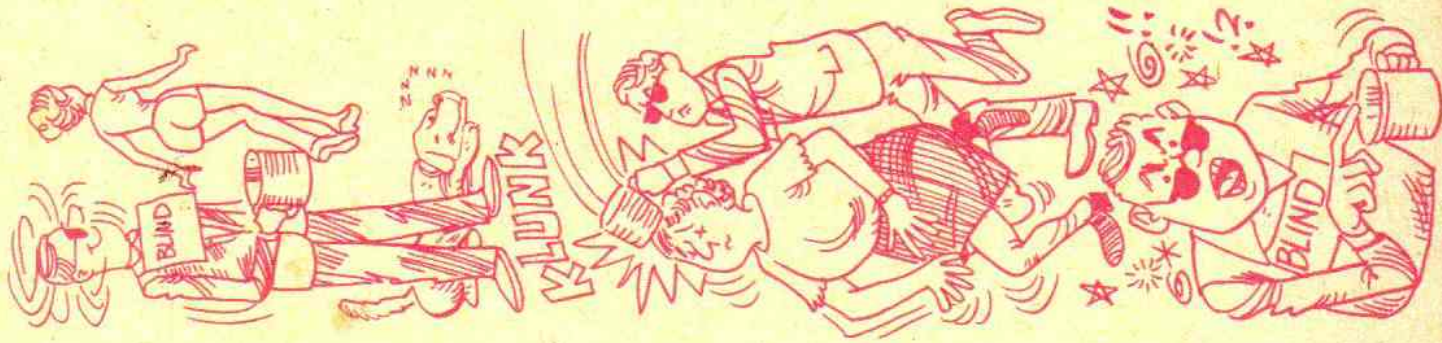
Jimmy Summ

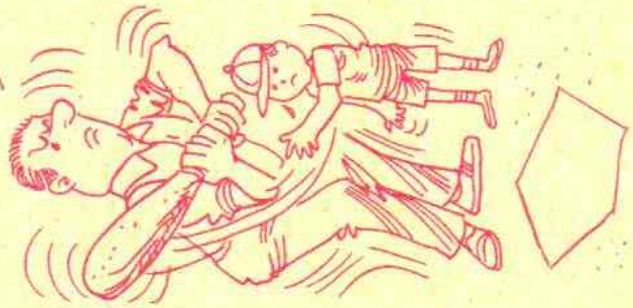
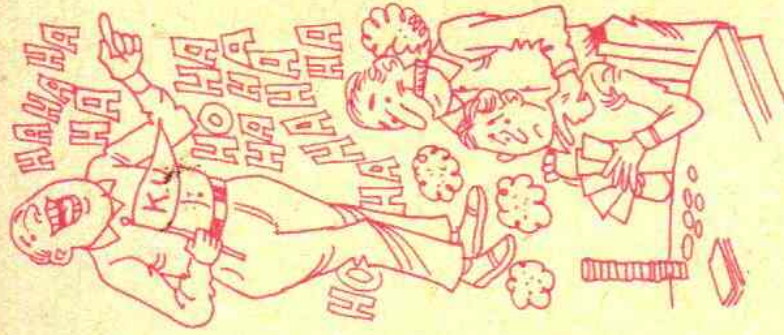
HEAD, PARASITE DIVISION



“E PALM-i-bus Unum”

—A SICK CERTIFICATE—





KIBITZER'S LICENSE

Be it known by this document that

is herewith given full permission to be a kibitzer at any card game, athletic event or what-have-you, wherever such a gathering exists. Bearer may interrupt, butt in, cajole, ridicule or upset everyone in sight and generally be a nuisance as he or she sees fit. Bearer may tell a player how to play, a driver how to drive, and even kibitz lovers. This certificate in no way holds the undersigned responsible for any bodily damages the bearer may suffer as a result.

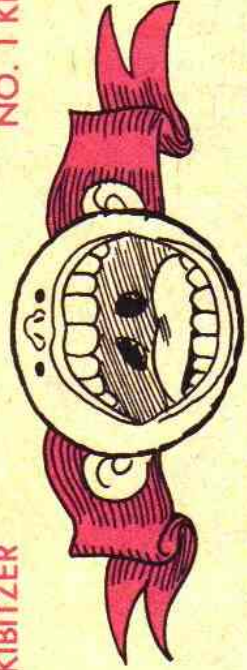
Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and interrupted this date.

O. U. Kidd

NO. 1 KIBITZER

X. Q. Snee

NO. 1 KIBITZEE



—THE OPEN MOUTH AWARD—

—A SICK CERTIFICATE—





NEUROTIC'S LICENSE

Permission is hereby given

to practice his or her neurosis freely and without guilt anywhere in the United States and Canada. Bearer may run amok, act out hostilities and create untold havoc without feeling anxious or depressed afterwards. Bearer may also hate his or her parents without any guilt, as well as anybody else's parents. Finally, bearer is given permission to think he or she is Napoleon (or Josephine as the case may be).

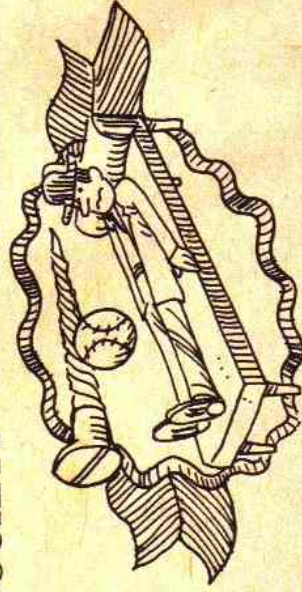
Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and made a fetish on this date.

N. Donaparte

FOUNDER,
NEUROTIC SOCIETY

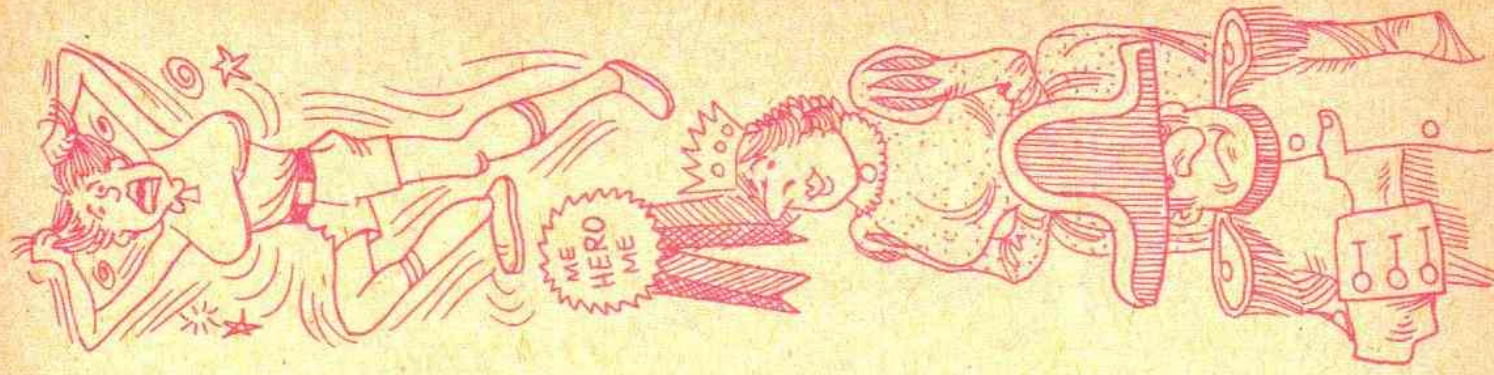
J. Caesar

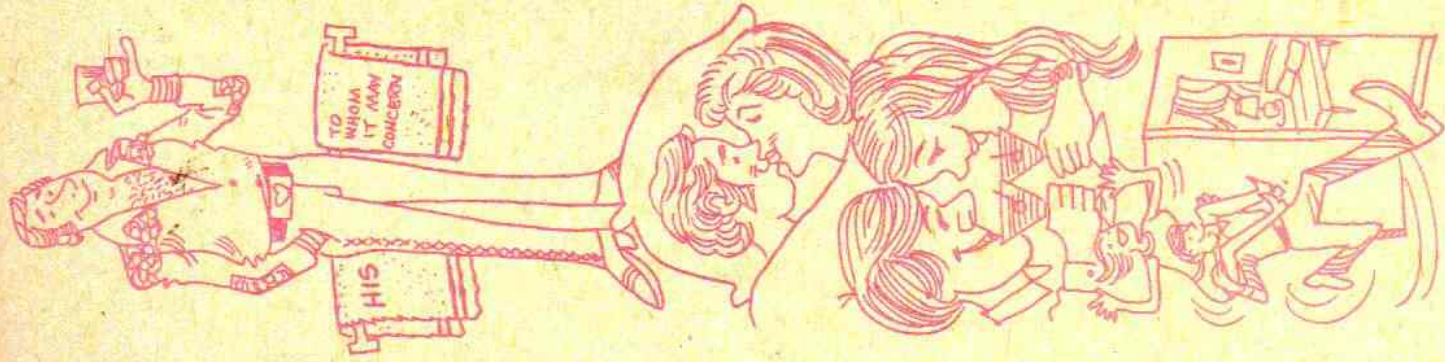
CHAIRMAN.
PSYCHOPATHIC BOARD



—THE FREUDULENT AWARD—

—A SICK CERTIFICATE—





SWINGER'S LICENSE

(AN X-RATED DOCUMENT)

is fully entitled to share in any swinging activity with the partner (or partners) of his or her choice in any given place. Bearer is also entitled to pick up any partner wherever said partner is found, be it at a bar, a dance hall, a PTA meeting or a convalescent home. Bearer is further entitled to swap any partner on hand for another partner. Warning: Swinging may be dangerous to your health—you could end up swinging from a tree.

Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered and kissed all over.

Haves Trick

HEAD, MALE DEPARTMENT

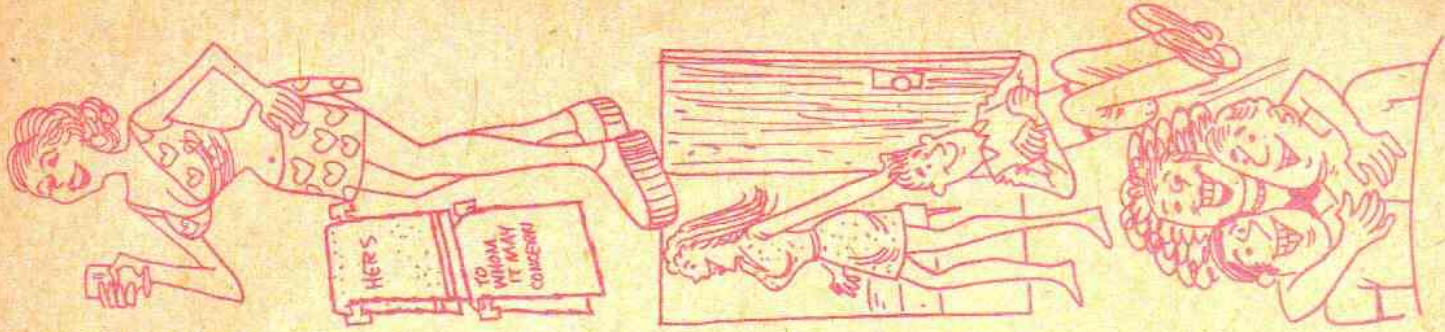
Bea Gentle

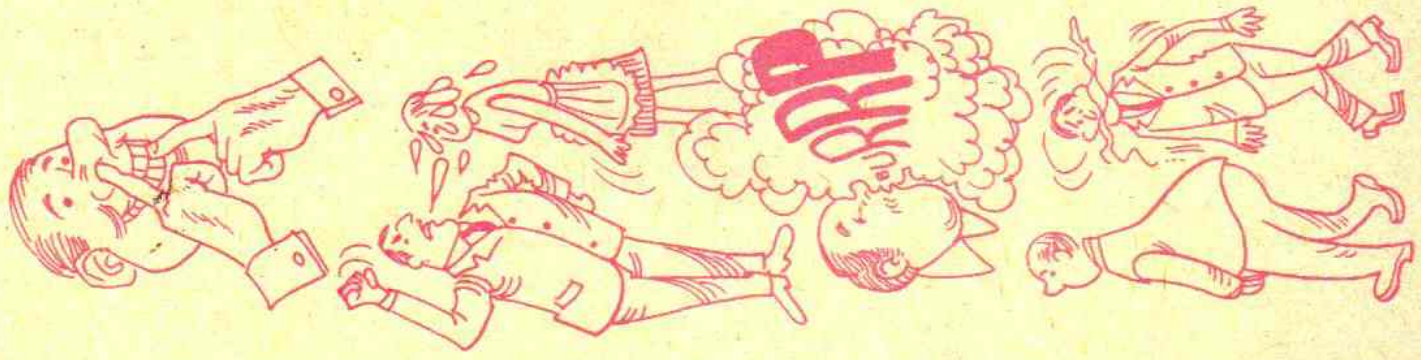
HEAD, FEMALE DEPARTMENT



—SEALED WITH A KISS—

—A SICK CERTIFICATE—





NAIL BITER'S NOSE PICKER'S, PIMPLE SQUEEZER'S LICENSE

—A BAD TASTE DOCUMENT—

This permit allows
to do anything he or she wants that is considered in bad
taste by social standards. Bearer may bite nails, pick
nose, squeeze pimples, as well as belch, wheeze,
snore, vomit or expectorate. Bearer may do these things
anywhere, at any time, and with anyone present. In the
event bearer wants to broaden his or her horizons, this
entitles him or her to bite, pick and squeeze other
people's nails, noses and pimples.

Signed, sealed, witnessed, delivered, chewed and spit
out this date.

R.U. Forereal

CHIEF BORE

Hugh Clodd

HEAD PEST



—THE BAD TASTE SEAL—



SHAKESPEARE

CONTEMPORARY STYLE

by MARYLYN IPPOLITO

THEN: "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew . . ."

NOW: BEND...TWO...THREE...FOUR. UP...TWO...THREE...FOUR. I'LL GET INTO THAT SIZE NINE DRESS YET, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.



THEN: "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark . . ."

NOW: DOCTOR, THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE HERE. I'M MR. GEORGE ANDERSEN. I CHECKED INTO THIS HOSPITAL A FEW DAYS AGO FOR A VASECTOMY. YOU NOW HAVE ME LISTED AS MS. GEORGIA ANDERSEN, AND HOW COME I ACHE ALL OVER AND WHY DO I LOOK SO LIMPY AND HOW COME MY VOICE IS SO HIGH ALL OF A SUDDEN?

ORTHOPEDIC SURGEONS GET ALL THE BREAKS!



THEN: "The chameleon may change its color, but it is the chameleon still . . ."

NOW: OKAY, DUMBROWSKI, YOU'RE A WINO TODAY. SARGE IS A NUN. KELLY AND STONE ARE OLD LADIES. MANZO, YOU'RE A DRUG-PUSHER. NOW DON'T FORGET WHO YOU GUYS ARE. NO MORE UNDERCOVER COPS ARRESTING UNDERCOVER COPS AGAIN!



THEN: "This is the long and short of it . . ."

NOW:

HERE COME MY TWO BOY FRIENDS, ED THE BASKETBALL PLAYER AND LARRY THE JOCKEY.



THEN: "All that glitters is not gold . . ."

NOW: HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I GAVE THIRTY FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE TO THAT COMPANY AND WHAT DO THEY GIVE ME? A WATCH THAT TURNED MY WRIST GREEN THE FIRST TIME I WORE IT?



THEN: "To take arms against
a sea of troubles . . ."

NOW: HURRY UP AND GET THE PLUNGER!
THE TOILETS CLOGGED UP AGAIN!



THEN: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounce it to you trippingly on the tongue . . ."

NOW: NOW REPEAT AFTER ME...HOW NOW
BROWN COW....



THEN: "A horse! a horse!
my kingdom for a horse! . . ."

NOW: OH, MY LORD! LOOK AT ALL THOSE
CARS AHEAD OF ME WAITING ON
LINE TO GET GAS!



THEN: "Since brevity is the soul of wit,
and tediousness the limbs and outward
flourishes, I will be brief . . ."

NOW: OH, GOSH! I NEVER EXPECTED TO WIN
THIS OSCAR! I'M COMPLETELY SPEECHLESS.
HOWEVER, THERE ARE A FEW PERSONS,
PLACES AND THINGS I MUST THANK...
YEAH!



THEN: "The empty vessel
makes the greatest sound . . ."

NOW: AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
MAY I PRESENT OUR SPECIAL GUEST
THIS EVENING...HOWARD COSELL!



THEN: "O, my offense is rank,
it smells to heaven . . ."

NOW: BOY, NEVER AGAIN WILL I EAT A TRIPLE
HELPING OF TRIPE AND PORK & BEANS
IN ONE SITTING AND MISTAKE A BAR
OF EX-LAX FOR A HERSHEY BAR!

"I'm not feeling myself today."
—DR. JEKYLL



THEN: "Night's candles are burnt out,
and jocund day stands tip-toe on the
misty mountaintops . . ."

NOW: HURRY, MASTER. YOU ONLY HAVE
A COUPLE OF MINUTES TO GET BACK
TO YOUR COFFIN BEFORE THE SUN
COMES UP!



THEN: "I must be cruel,
only to be kind . . ."

NOW: I ALWAYS SMASH MY MULE IN THE HEAD
BEFORE I FEED HIM BECAUSE I HAVE
TO GET HIS ATTENTION FIRST.



THEN: "This was the most
unkindest cut of all . . ."

NOW: HONEY, I THINK YOU'D BETTER STOP
QUARRELING WITH THE BUTCHER ABOUT
HIS HIGH PRICES. TASTE THIS PIECE OF
WHATEVER-IT'S-SUPPOSED-TO-BE THAT
HE GAVE YOU... UGH!



THEN: "O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down . . ."

NOW: LADIES AND GENTS, BEFORE OUR SHOW
GETS UNDER WAY, LET ME EXPLAIN THIS
CAST ON MY LEG. THERE WAS THIS ICE-
SKATING PARTY I WENT TO, WELL, FIRST
I BUMPED INTO KATE SMITH, THEN SHE
CRASHED INTO WILLIAM 'CONNOR' CONRAD,
THEN THAT SET OFF THE BIGGEST CHAIN-
REACTION YOU EVER SAW... AND AWAY
WE GO!!!



THEN: "If you have tears,
prepare to shed them now . . ."

NOW: HELLO, MR. SMITH. I'M FROM THE DEPT.
OF INTERNAL REVENUE. I'M HERE TO
AUDIT YOUR TAX RETURNS FOR THE
LAST 5 YEARS!



THEN: "Double, double,
toil and trouble . . ."

NOW: TWINS? WHAT DO YOU MEAN TWINS?
HOW COULD SHE HAVE TWINS? IT WAS
GOING TO BE ROUGH ENOUGH TRYING TO
FEED ONE EXTRA MOUTH, BUT NOW THIS.
CAN'T YOU TAKE ONE BACK OR SOMETHING?



SENIOR

Since the start of the Olympics, thousands of years ago, Senior Citizens have been tragically neglected. Outraged at the unfair neglect of our elderly, SICK demands that the situation be corrected to give our old folks a chance to participate in the 1976 Olympics. Of course some of the contests might have to be modified just a bit, such as these . . .

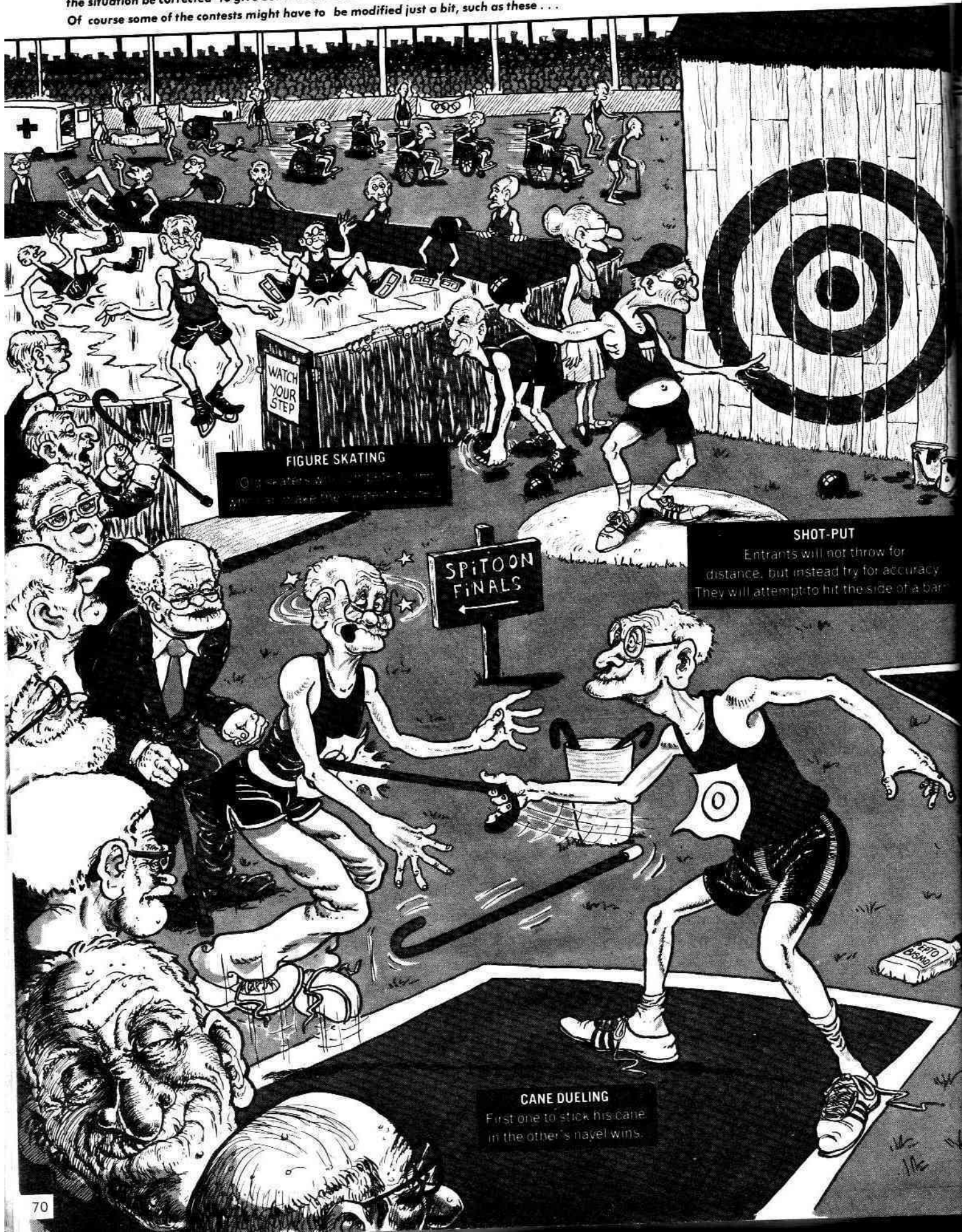


FIGURE SKATING
 Entrants will not skate on ice, but on a patch of frozen mud. They will be judged on the number of times they fall.

SPITOON FINALS
 First one to spit into the other's navel wins.

SHOT-PUT
 Entrants will not throw for distance, but instead try for accuracy. They will attempt to hit the side of a barrel.

CANE DUELING
 First one to stick his cane in the other's navel wins.

CITIZEN OLYMPICS

GIVE TO THE COMMITTEE TO PRESERVE PAIN IN OUR CITIES

Script by
Bob Heit

Art by
Bill Burke



THE JAVELIN THROW

Rather than use javelins, contestants will hurl knitting needles.

MOTORIZED FALSE TEETH CONTEST

First oldster to chew his or her way through 10 pounds of Turkish Taffy is declared the winner.

OXYGEN STATION

POLE-VAULTING

Senior Citizens will attempt to vault over a dachshund.

THE ONE YARD DASH

Instead of firing a gun to signal the start of this event, a cannon will be fired (since many of the elderly are hard of hearing). The contestants will then race to the finish line, 36 inches away.

In a recent newspaper column, Gerald Nachman bemoaned the fact that so many have ripped off on the original Hall of Fame. Today, there is a Baseball Hall of Fame, a Basketball Hall of Fame, a Football Hall of Fame—and who knows what else! It wouldn't surprise us if there was a Hookers Hall of Fame (hookers, dolts, are people who make rugs). Frankly, the FBI ought to put every Hall of Fame in the Hall of Shame, except one that we hold particularly dear to our hearts . . .

THE SCHOOLASTIC HALL OF FAME

Script by **PHIL HIRSCH**

Art by **Bert Houle**



EDDIE LAMMOX, otherwise known as Lammox the LummoX, who was the first dropout in school history. He failed in everything but social studies. This is because he didn't take social studies!



LEWIS POTZNICK, who wrote his crib notes on his sleeve in invisible ink and went blind trying to read them. He forgot that he had to dip his shirt in milk, in order for the notes to become legible!



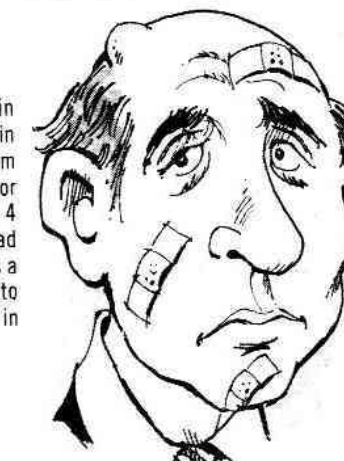
LAWRENCE BRADIANO won his place in the exalted ranks of the Hall of Fame when, during World War I, seventh-grader Bradiano was also gassed. Had he joined up and gone "over there"? Heck, no! He was blackboard monitor, and in banging together so many erasers, he was "gassed" by the chalk dust!



SUZI HICKLER made the Hall by cutting eight classes a day, every day for three consecutive terms. But how did she make the Hall of Fame? She was so inconspicuous by her absence that she won the Good Conduct Medal all three terms! "Well," exclaimed the principal in explaining the issuance of the medal to Suzi, "we never heard a peep out of her!"



RUDOLPH SHLEE, another Hall of Famer, distinguished himself by spending six years in the third grade. He got out finally when he got an A in his sixth year, after the principal prevailed upon Shlee's teacher to find some way to promote him. The only grade Shlee could possibly get that wasn't an F was, in one instance, an A—as a grade A moron!

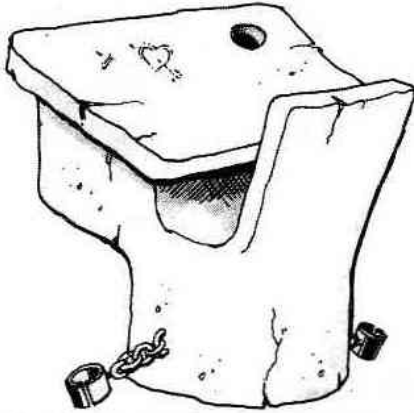


TEACHER ELWOOD HOCK, who in his distinguished career taught in six trouble schools, three reform schools and a private school for public offenders. Hock had 4 broken legs (he has 4 legs), had his arms broken 12 times and is a walking wound from head to toe—and he holds a black belt in karate!

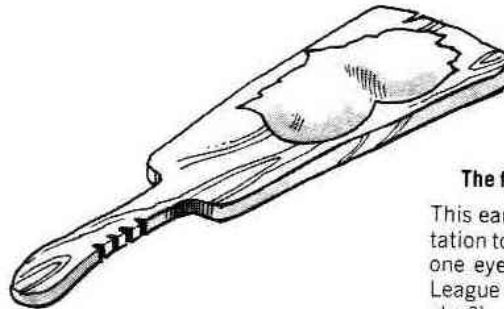
Sign in tailor shop: "WE'LL CLEAN FOR YOU, WE'LL PRESS FOR YOU, WE'LL EVEN DYE FOR YOU!"

The Schoolastic Hall of Fame is situated in a little old schoolhouse on the outskirts of Academia, Wisconsin. Members elected to its hallowed, graffiti-filled halls are initiated in a cap-and-goon graduation-like ceremony, and their names are enshrined in chalk on blackboards that grace the marble walls of this Pantheon of Public School Performers.

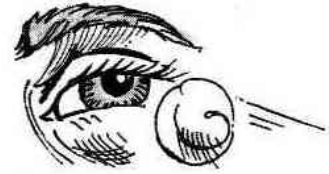
ARTIFACTS MUSEUM



The first desk when school was first invented (in Latvia, 2384 B.C.)



The first paddle ever wielded by an American teacher.



The first spitball ever thrown in a classroom.

This earned Gaylord Peary a no-no and an invitation to leave school (he blinded the teacher in one eye). But he went on to become a Major League pitcher who threw the spitter (what else?).



The first school bus.



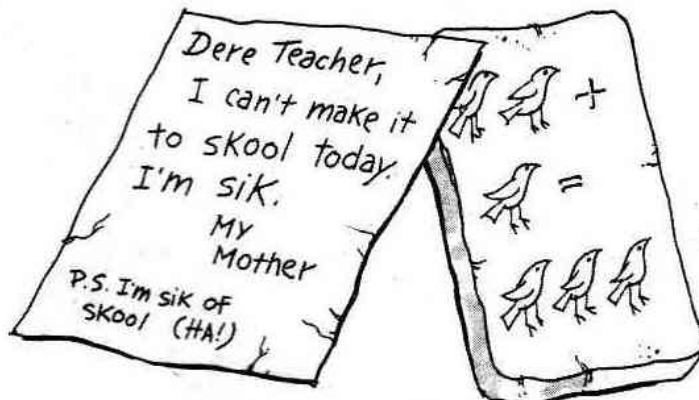
The first broken school window.



The first report card.

Invented not by school authorities, but by a stupid student who was failing everything, but who told his parents he was getting A, the top mark, and concocted a report card. Authorities soon adopted the idea.

The first phony absent note.



The first crib sheet.

Unfortunately, the student, Anon Amous, never got to school to use the crib sheet. He got a hernia and had to be rushed to whatever they used for hospitals in those days.

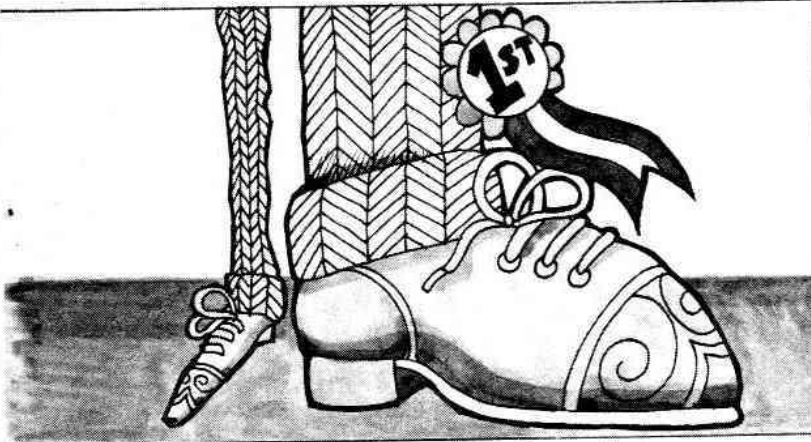


The first stick of gum ever thrown into a student's hair.

Gum-discarder, Seymour Layback, was thrown out of school for gumming up the works.

created by
Marylyn Ippolito
illustrated by
Bernie Cootner

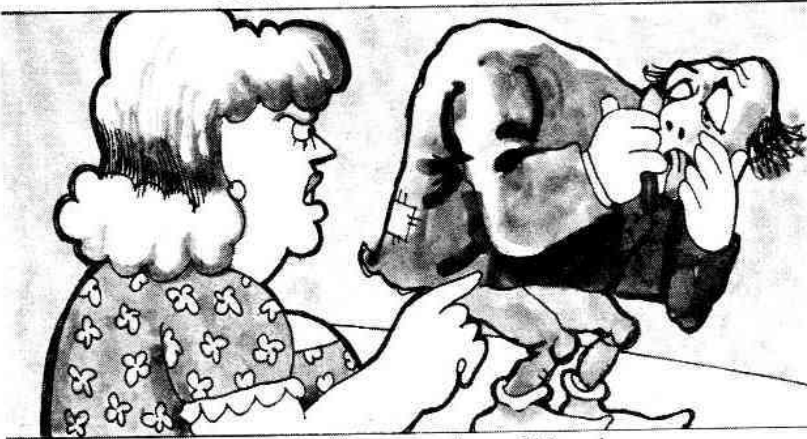
LOONY



*Ralph is a man of surprises,
He has feet that are two different sizes.
The right one is lean
And can hardly be seen,
But the left one is huge and wins prizes.*



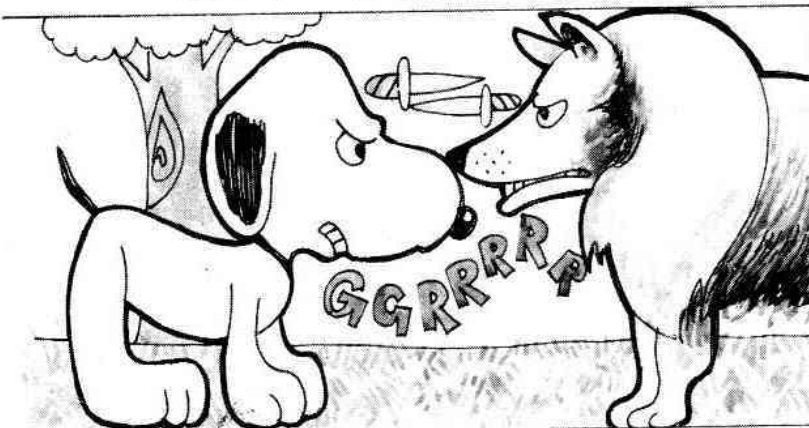
*There once was a prudish young model,
Who drank whiskey straight from the bottle.
To get her to kiss,
Her boyfriend learned this:
A little won't do, but a lot'll.*



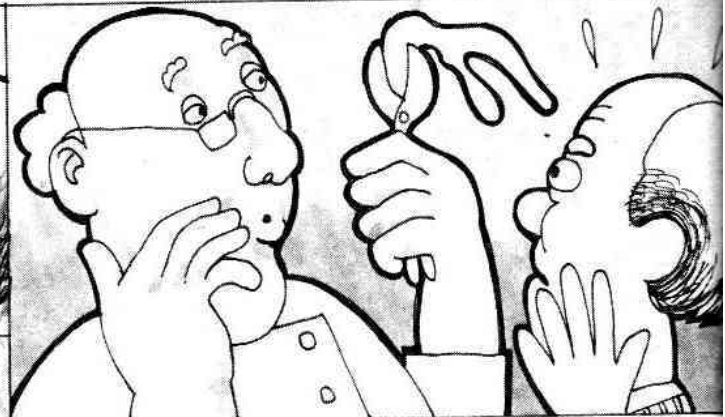
*A mother once lost all her joy,
'Cause her son's awful slouch would annoy.
She would constantly say,
"Don't hunch over that way,
Stand up straight, Quasimodo, my boy."*



*The Marquis de Sade knew a lot,
He was one man who just hit the spot.
The pleasure of pain
Was what he did gain;
He struck while the iron was hot.*



*Lassie was filled with such glee,
For Snoopy made a date by a tree.
It was hate-at-first-sight,
And they got in a fight,
When Snoopy found out she's a he.*



*"I have a confession to make,"
Said the dentist to poor little Jake.
See these long pliers are
made to reach in too far,
And I pulled out your tonsils by mistake.*

LIMERICKS

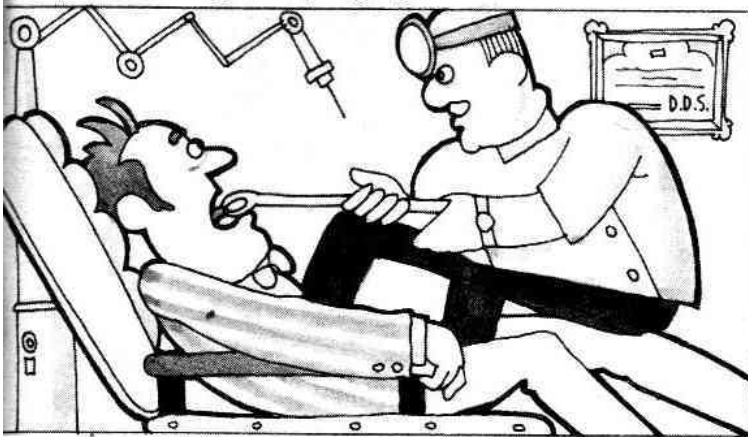
WORK IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD!



A stripper named Kitty Kat Pelt,
Disrobed whenever she felt.
She began to unlace,
In that ice cream place,
Making twenty-eight flavors all melt.



Once a very old man heard the call,
He knew he could no longer stall.
He was heard to remark,
As he built a big Ark,
"Into each life some rain must fall."



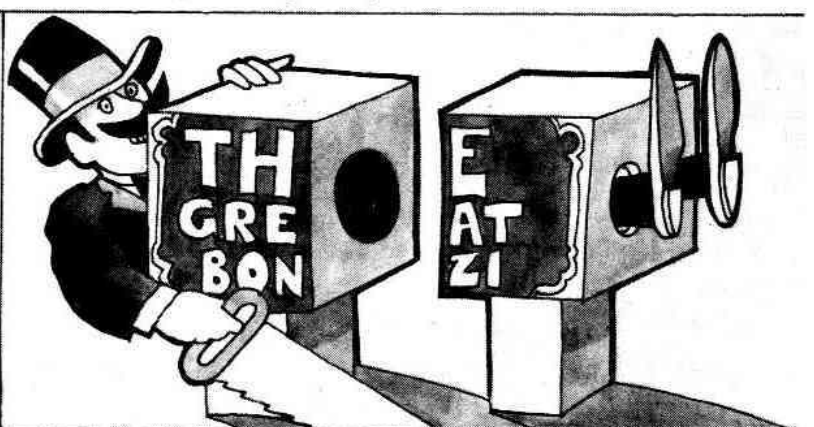
A dentist, the meanest, no doubt,
Made Pat know what fear was about.
"No cavities," said he,
"But listen to me,
Your rotten gums have to come out."



Old Dracula had a small tot,
Who did not like to eat things too hot.
But the vampire said
To his son being fed,
"Drink your soup now, or else it will clot."



There once was a cleric from Drouth,
Who ate with a cannibal from Africa south,
They were being well fed,
When the cannibal said,
"Don't talk when there's someone in your mouth."



There was a magician from Gaff,
Who decided to have the last laugh.
He planned with great pride,
His own suicide;
And sawed himself neatly in half.

A SICK FAIRY TALE



Once upon a time there was a nice young man and he went on a nice long ocean voyage. When he was two days out to sea something terrible happened. His boat was capsized and sunk! All the passengers were drowned except our nice young man, who clung to a life raft. He drifted for days and days, until one day he came upon a small and lonely island. It was a lovely lonely island, and it had plenty of food and trees and sunshine. Our nice young man soon built himself a hut and settled down to a life of contentment. One thing was missing though—a nice young woman whom he could share his paradise with. And so our nice young man prayed for a woman to join him on the island. Then one day a strange thing happened. Another boat sank and another person was cast ashore. And lo and behold, it was another nice young man, just like our nice young man. And our nice young man was very happy to see him, and soon his life was complete and he settled down to heavenly bliss. How, you may ask? As we told you at the beginning this was a fairy tale!

ODE TO TARZAN

Mighty Tarzan reigned supreme
Till he met Jane, his tree-house Queen,
Tarz he fears no jungle cat
Makes giants pygmies, just like that.
Tarz can break a bear in two
Then rip him open for a stew,
Tarz can roar like a gorilla,
Beat up any jungle killer.
He can take rhinoceros
With just a minimum of fuss,
Hippo, wolf or even jackal,
Tarz don't care, he go and tackle.
Once he fought an elephant,
Stepped on him like he was ant,
There is no one Tarz can't beat,
Four-legged creatures are his meat.
But alas, there's one big catch—
Tarzan he has met his match.
Should he once get out of line—
Little Jane would break his spine!

By Phil Hirsch



BREWER of over-eager girls showing up on dates wearing a wedding dress

BREWER of Playboy bunnies who can't pass their Rabbit Tests

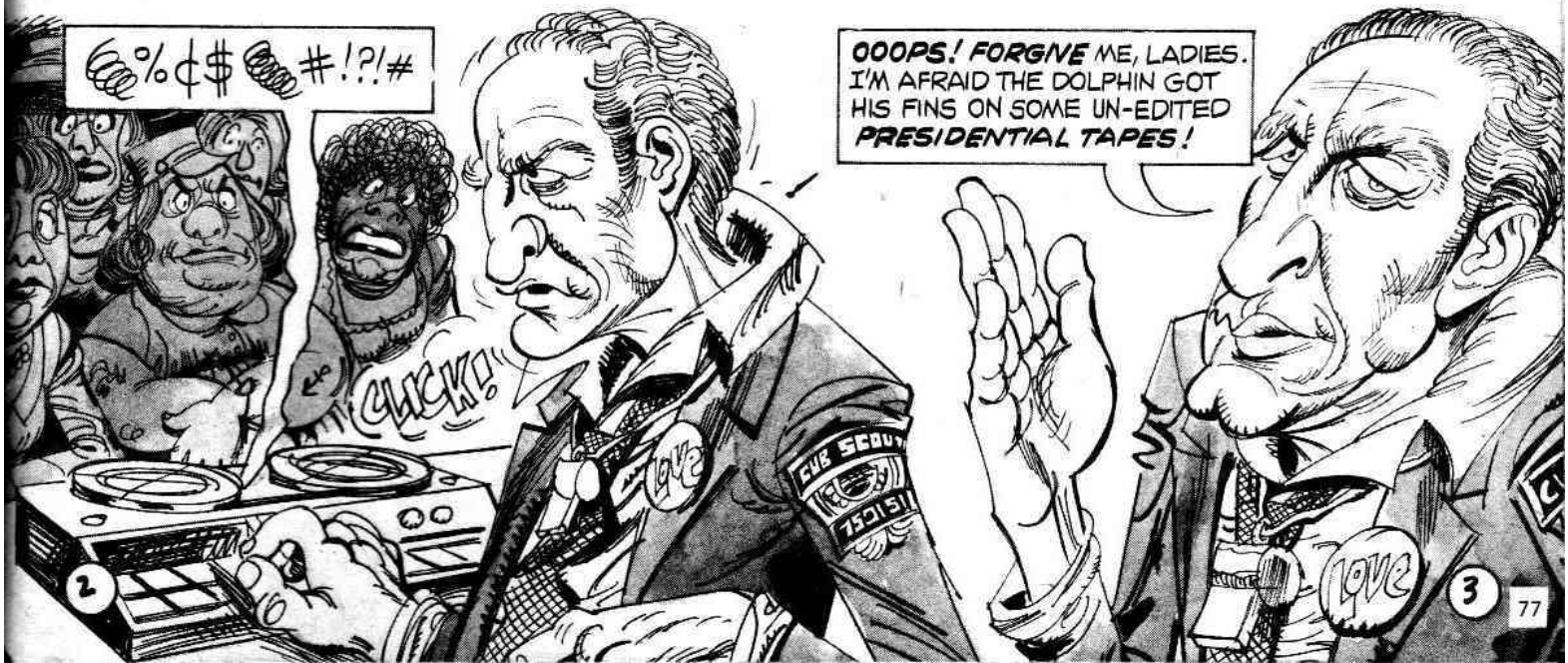
MOVIE SATIRE:

THE DAY OF THE DULL-FIN

Captain Cousteau is mugged underwater as Oscar winner George C. Scott dives beneath the waves to take over his territory—and try out a new Timex—while floundering around in this fish-fondling dolphin opera.

And for those of you who can't stand the ocean motion, the management will gladly sprinkle Dramamine on your popcorn—although it probably won't stop the nausea from the plot of . . .

THE PICTURE OPENS WITH SCOTT ADDRESSING A GROUP OF LADIES WHO ARE INVOLVED WITH HIM IN A BIG FOUNDATION WHICH GETS PRETTY CROWDED—SINCE THIS *FOUNDATION* IS ACTUALLY A HUGE GIRDLE—SEEMS SCOTT'S PUT ON A LOT OF WEIGHT!...



AFTER CHEWING THE FAT--AND THE BLUBBER--OF A COUPLE OF LADIES WHO RESEMBLED BELUGA WHALES-- SCOTT RETURNS TO ONE OF THE FLORIDA KEYS--WHICH HE LEFT UNDER THE MAT!...



THE HEAD OF THE BLOC OF SCIENTISTS WORKING ON SCOTT'S PROJECT DECIDES TO VISIT THE ISLAND--AND HERE COMES THE BLOC-HEAD NOW!



HOW DOES SCOTT GET A SEA CREATURE TO SPEAK ENGLISH? DOES HE DO IT WITH LOVE, KINDNESS AND INFINITE PATIENCE?

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE FORGOTTEN HOW GEORGE GOT HIS OSCAR!

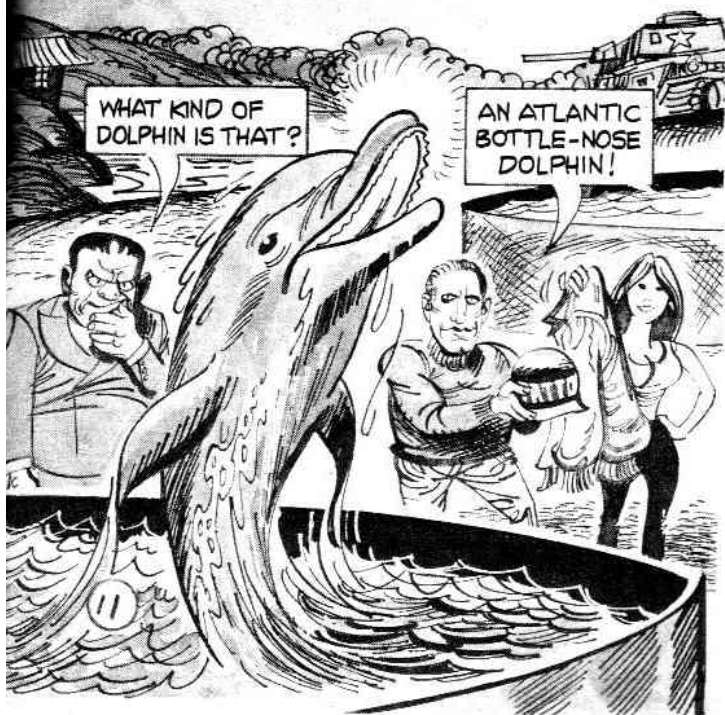


GEORGE, DO YOU MIND GIVING ME A TOUR AROUND YOUR ISLAND? I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT YOUR PORPOISES TO LEARN!

LIKE ANY OTHER FISH--FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO WORM YOUR WAY INTO THEIR CONFIDENCE! THEN IT'S JUST CATCH-AS-CATCH CAN!



Sign in a restaurant: "OUR SILVERWARE IS NOT MEDICINE--DO NOT TAKE AFTER MEALS!"



Sign in Botanical Gardens: "VEGETARIANS ARE CRUEL TO PLANTS!"

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY IN THE WIND WHEN THE ISLAND RECEIVES A VISIT FROM A SHIFTY STRANGER. WE KNOW HE'S SHIFTY BECAUSE HE CLAIMS TO BE CLOSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE STAFF--AND HE HASN'T EVEN BEEN ARRESTED!...

TELL ME, PROFESSOR SCOTT--IS THAT YOUNG DOLPHIN VERY HEAVY?

ARE YOU KIDDING? HIS BABY PICTURE **ALONE** WEIGHED OVER 85 POUNDS! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?

WE'VE GOT TOP-SECRET INFORMATION THAT THERE'S A PLAN AFOOT TO **KIDNAP** YOUR DOLPHINS!

IS THIS BASED ON OFFICIAL **C.I.A.** FILES?

NO--ON A LEAK IN THE **PENTAGON'S MENS' ROOM!**



BEFORE LONG, THE TIP PROVES TO BE A REALITY; ALPHA AND BETA ARE MISSING--THEIR FIN-PRINTS LEADING TO THE SEA...

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, SCOTT. THE DOLPHINS ARE **GONE!** NOT ONLY THAT, I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT FROM JACK ANDERSON THAT THERE'S A PLOT TO HAVE THE DOLPHINS BLOW UP THE **PRESIDENT'S YACHT!**

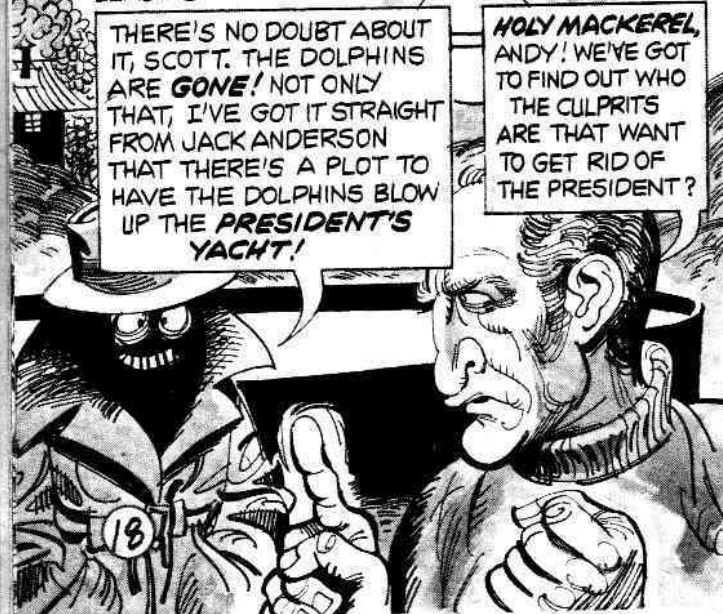
HOLY MACKEREL, ANDY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THE CULPRITS ARE THAT WANT TO GET RID OF THE PRESIDENT?

GEORGE, WHY DON'T YOU USE THE **SUPER-COMPUTER?**

GOOD IDEA?

WELL, SCOTT, HAVE YOU FOUND OUT THE PARTIES WHO WANT TO GET RID OF THE PRESIDENT?

YES, THE DEMOCRATS AND THE REPUBLICANS!



OLD KING COLE HAD SOUL!



MEANWHILE, THE DOLPHINS, ALPHA AND BETA, ARE BEING KEPT ABOARD A YACHT OWNED BY THE HEAD OF SCOTT'S FOUNDATION WHO IS ACTUALLY A SUBVERSIVE--HE PICKED CHARLIE THE TUNA FOR FISH OF THE YEAR!...

CHIEF, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO KEEP THE DOLPHINS FROM SWIMMING AWAY? DO THEY TRUST YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE GEORGE'S BOSS?

NO, BECAUSE I SHOW THEM RE-RUNS OF "**FLIPPER!**"

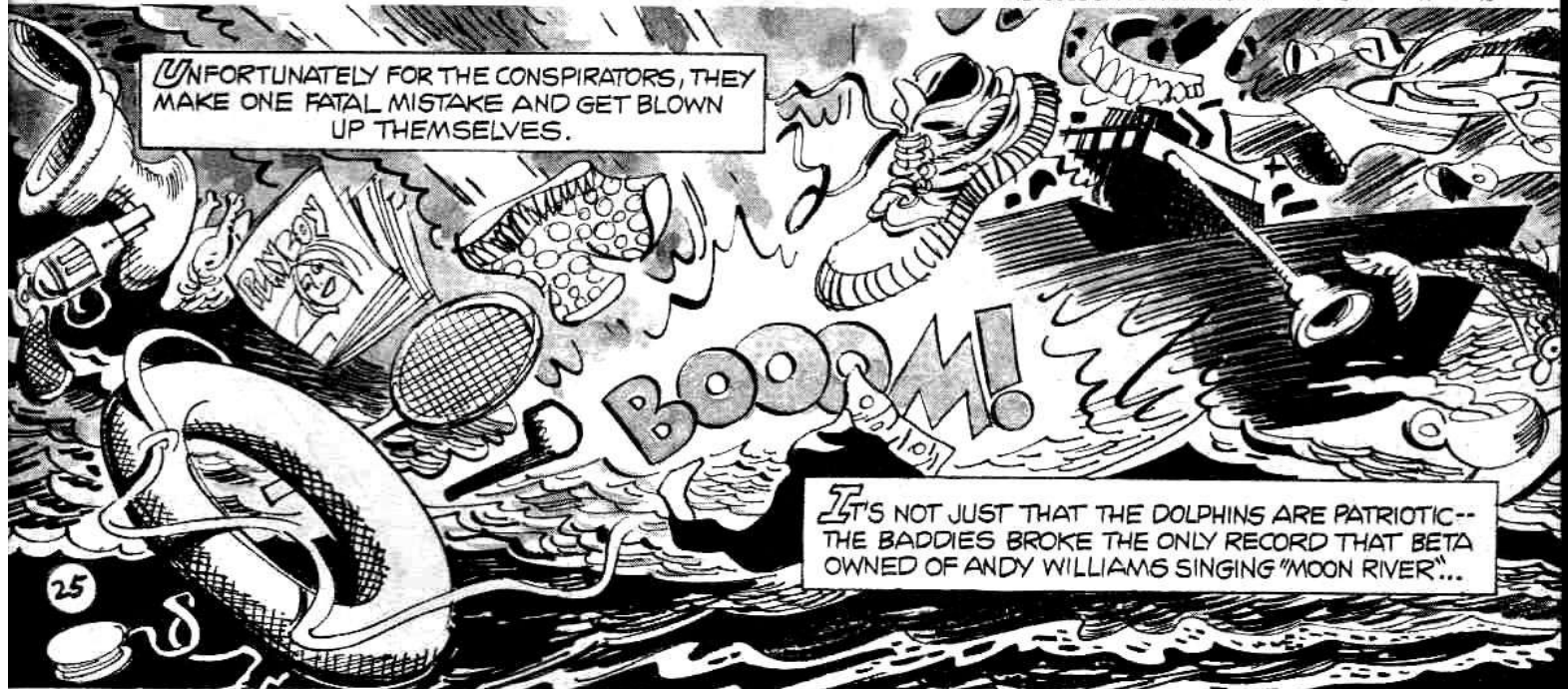
NOW, IT ONLY REMAINS TO **TRAIN** THE DOLPHINS TO RECOGNIZE THE FLAG ON THE CORRECT YACHT AND PLANT THE MAGNETIC MINES ATTACHED TO THEIR BACKS!

OKAY, ALPHA AND BETA. THAT'S **HUGH HEFFNER'S YACHT!**





Sign on Humanist Society wall: "CANNIBALS LIKE PEOPLE!"



SICK as it seems by LANGTON

Herman SHLUTZ
of Minneapolis

WAS CALLED
'FOUR EYES' BY
HIS CLASSMATES
EVERY DAY FROM
KINDERGARTEN
UNTIL THE DAY
HE GRADUATED
HIGH SCHOOL!



It was that day he got his
first pair of glasses and
they began to call him
"Six Eyes!"

SAM KLOPMAN... a Los Angeles
businessman,
was married
for 63 years,
and in all that
time, never
spoke to his
WIFE!



He didn't
want to
interrupt her!

IN PORTOFINO, ITALY,
THERE IS A BUILDING
12 STORIES HIGH
AND ONLY ONE
FOOT WIDE!

It's a
spaghetti
factory!



Felix Pismo

of New York City
... Owned the
first business to
be wiped out by
the stock market
crash of 1929!



A broker jumped out of a window
and landed on his pushcart!

Contrary to public opinion:

Nelson Rockefeller does not really want to be President!
(He just needs it as a tax loss!)

NOTICE

**THERE
WILL BE
NO SWIMMING
IN THE POOL**

WHILE IT IS EMPTY!



A SICK SIGN

BONUS CUTOUTS

SICK

**BUMPER
STICKERS**

—STICK 'EM ON YOUR BUMPER—

**THE
LIFE OF
THE PARTY**

IS DEATH ON
THE HIGHWAY

**REPORT YOUR
LOCO POLICE**

MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR

(STOP DRIVER AND ASK FOR DETAILS)

★ **SPEED KILLS** ★

DON'T METH
AROUND

TAKE A
CRASH COURSE
IN
SAFE DRIVING

**KILL
EVERYBODY**

WHY DISCRIMINATE?

POLLUTION
IS A MIST-DEMEANOR